

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

No. 8.]

BOSTON, JULY 15, 1828.

[VOL. 9, N. 8.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. IV.—LORD BYRON.

THE mind of a poet of the highest order is the most perfect mind that can belong to man. There is no intellectual power, and no state of feeling, which may not be the instrument of poetry, and in proportion as reason, reflection, or sympathy is wanting, in the same degree is the poet restricted in his mastery over the resources of his art. The poet is the great interpreter of nature's mysteries, not by narrowing them into the grasp of the understanding, but by connecting each of them with the feeling which changes doubt to faith. His most gorgeous and varied painting is not displayed as an idle phantasmagoria, but there flows through all its scenes the clear and shining water, which, as we wander for delight, or rest for contemplation, perpetually reflects to us an image of our own being. He sympathises with all phenomena by his intuition of all principles; and his mind is a mirror which catches and images the whole scheme and working of the world. He comprehends all feelings, though he only cherishes the best; and, even while he exhibits to us the frenzies or degradations of humanity, we are conscious of an ever-present divinity, elevating and hallowing the evil that surrounds it.

A great poet may be of any time, or rank, or country; a beggar, an outcast, a slave, or even a courtier. The external limits of his social rela-

tions may be narrow and wretched as they will, but they will always have an inward universality. In his rags, he is nature's treasurer: though he may be blind, he sees the past and the future, and though the servant of servants, he is ever at large and predominant. But there are things which he cannot be. He cannot be a scorner, or selfish, or luxurious and sensual. He cannot be a self-worshipper, for he only breathes by sympathy, and is its organ; he cannot be untrue, for it is his high calling to interpret those universal truths which exist on earth only in the forms of his creation. He cannot be given up to libertine debauchery; for it is impossible to dwell at once before the starry threshold of Jove's court, and in the den of lewd and drunken revel. It was to Hades, not to Olympus, that the comrades of Ulysses voyaged from the island of Circe; nor can we pass, without long and hard purgation, from the sty to the sanctuary, or from the wine-cup to the fountain of immortality. The poet must be of a fearless honesty; for he has to do battle with men for that which men most dread, the regeneration, namely, of man: and yet he must be a so of a loving-kindness; for his arms are the gentleness of his accents, and the music of all sweet thoughts. Such is the real and perfect poet; and it is only in so far as verse-artisans approach to this, that they are entitled

to that lofty and holy name. But he who is such as has been now described, is indeed of as high and sacred a function as can belong to man. It is not the black garment, nor the precise and empty phrase, which makes men ministers of God ; but the communion with that Spirit of God, which was, in all its fulness, upon those mighty poets, Isaiah and Ezekiel ; which unrolled its visions over the rocks of Patmos, and is, in larger or smaller measure, the teacher of every bard.

Many of the warmest admirers of poetry will, of course, be shocked at the idea of its being any thing more than an innocent amusement. It is in their eyes a pretty pastime, to be classed with the making of handscreens, or the shooting of partridges, an art not at all more important, and only a little more agreeable, than ropedancing or backgammon, to be resorted to when we are weary of the graver and more difficult operations of summing up figures, or filling sheepskins with legal formulas. These are the persons who are perfectly contented with a poet, if he supplies them with excitement at the least possible expense of thought ; who profess that the Fairy Queen is tedious and "uninteresting," who only do not despise Milton, because he is commonly reported to have been a man of genius, who treat Wordsworth as a driveller, and Coleridge as a "dreamer of dreams." And herein they are, perhaps, right ; for, being deaf, they have not heard the piping, and how then could they dance ? We trust, however, that we have many readers who will agree with us in taking a different view of these matters, and to them we would say a few words about Lord Byron.

No one, probably, will be inclined to maintain, that Lord Byron's poetry produces a good moral effect, except those who are anxious to spread the disbelief of the goodness of God, and to bring about the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. With such persons, we have at present no quarrel. They are welcome

to their opinions, so far as we are concerned ; and we can only lament, for their own sakes, that they should think and feel as they do. To those who, without going so far as these, yet deny that his writings have a bad moral influence, we will give up the advantage to be derived from pressing the two abovementioned points, and put the question on other grounds : and we wish to state distinctly, that we think, in the first place, Lord Byron (as seen in his writings) had no sympathy with human nature, and no belief in its goodness ; and, secondly, that he had no love of truth. These are grave charges ; and, at least, as grave in our eyes as in those of any of our readers. But we are convinced of the justice of them ; and no fear of being classed with the bigots, of being called churchmen rather than Christians, and believers in articles, more than believers in God, shall prevent us from expressing and enforcing our conviction.

The attempt to prove any thing as to the habitual state of mind of a writer, by picking out detached sentences from his works, we look upon as vain and sophistical ; vain, because no sentence of any author expresses the same meaning when detached from the context as when taken along with it ; sophistical, because the very selection and abruption of these parts indicates a wish to persuade us that we ought to judge of a house from a single brick. The only satisfactory and honest method of estimating an author is, by considering the general impression which his works leave upon the mind. Now, if any candid and reflecting man, (or woman,) were to inform us of the influence exerted upon him by the perusal of one of Lord Byron's poems, would not his account be something of this sort—that he had felt inclined to look with scorn and bitterness upon his fellow-creatures, to wrap himself up in his own selfishness, and to see, in the outward world, not embodyings of that one idea of beauty which prevails in our

own minds, not frame-works for human conceptions and affections, but mere images of his own personality, and vantage-grounds on which to raise himself afar from and above mankind? Would he not say that he had been imbibing discontent, disgust, satiety, and learning to look upon life as a dreary dulness, relieved only by betaking ourselves to the wildest excesses and fiercest intensity of evil impulse. If, as we firmly believe, a sincere observer of himself would give us this account of his own feelings, after communing with the poetry of Byron, the question as to its beneficial or even innocent tendency is at an end. It is true that there are in man higher powers than those which tend directly to action; and there may be a character of a very exalted kind, though not the most perfect, which would withdraw itself from the business of society, and from the task of forwarding the culture of its generation, to contemplate with serene and grateful awe the perfect glory of the creation. But this is not the species of superiority to those around us and independence of them, which is fostered by the works of Lord Byron. The feeling which runs through them is that of a self-consuming scorn, and a self-exhausting weariness, as remote as can be from the healthful and majestic repose of philosophic meditation, as different from it as is the noisome glare of a theatre from that midnight firmament which folds the world in a starry atmosphere of religion; while the practical portion of our nature is displayed in his writings, as only active and vigorous amid the atrocities or the vileness of the foulest passions. He saw in mankind not a being to be loved, but to be despised; and despised, not for vice, ignorance, insensibility, or selfishness, but because he is obliged, by a law of his being, to look up to some power above himself; because he is not self-created and self-existing, nor "himself, his world, and his own God."

As the Lord Byron of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" had no

sympathy with mankind, neither does he seem to us to have had any love of truth. He appears to have felt that we have a natural tendency towards admiring and feeling, in accordance with the show of bold and bad predominances. The corrupt vanity of men, the propensity which teaches them to revere Cromwell and worship Napoleon, has made the world derive a diseased gratification from the pictures of Harold and Conrad. But these latter personages are essentially untrue. All that gives them more of the heroic and romantic character than the former worthies, is superadded to the original basis of evil and worthlessness, and is utterly inconsistent with it. And this Lord Byron must have known. He who put together these monsters, must have been aware that they are as false, and, to a philosopher, as ridiculous as sphynxes, or chimeras to a naturalist. But he had so little love of truth, that he could not resist the temptation of encircling himself with these bombastic absurdities, to raise the astonishment of sentimental mantua-makers.

It is mournful to see that so much of energy and real feeling should have been perverted to the formation of these exaggerated beings, alternately so virtuous and so vicious, now so overflowing with tenderness, and so bright with purity, and again so hard, and vile, and atrocious. These qualities, to be sure, are all found in man; but the combination, where, in earth or moon, shall we look to find it? The principles of human nature are not mere toys, like phosphorus and paint, wherewith to eke out goblins; and he who pretends to exalt the mind by representing it as superior, not only to its meaner necessities, but to its best affections, in truth, degrades it to the basest of uses, by exhibiting it, not as a thing to be revered, and loved, and studied with conscientious and scrutinizing reflection, but as a dead and worthless material, which he may pound and compound—evaporate into a cloud, or analyse into a *caput mortuum*,

and subject to all the metamorphoses which are worked by the lath wand of a conjuror. It is only by attributing the favourite thoughts and deeds of his writings to personages whom we feel throughout, though we may not realise the consciousness, to be essentially different from ourselves, that he could, for a moment, beguile us into conceiving libertinism sublime, and malignity amiable; and, if mankind were so educated as to know the constitution of their own souls, if they had learned to reflect more and to remember less, they would never be deluded into sympathy with phantoms as unsubstantial and inconsistent as the Minotaur, the Scylla, the Harpies, and the Cyclops of fable,—the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

“Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

We entirely omit the question of the direct irreligion and indecency of his writings. As to these matters, those who feel religiously will blame him, without our assistance, and those who approve of infidelity, or gloat over obscurity, will applaud, in spite of us. At present, we neither seek to heighten the reprobation, nor to diminish aught from the approval. For ourselves, we lament the Anti-Christian and impure tendencies of his mind, not so much for any positive evil they can do,—this, we suspect, being much over-rated,—as because they are evidences of the degradation of a powerful mind, and of the pollution of much and strong good feeling. We certainly differ considerably from the greater number of those who have attacked him, as to the particular parts of his writings, which merit the severest condemnation. The story of *Haidee* seems to us much less mischievous than that of *Donna Julia*, and this far more endurable than the amour with Catherine. “*Childe Harold*” will do more harm than “*Cain*,” and either of them more than the parody of “*The Vision of Judgment*.” Of this, also, we are sure, that, had he never openly outraged public opinion by direct blas-

phemies and grossness, the world would have been well enough content to receive his falsifications of human nature for genuine; and all his forced contortions, and elaborate agonies, would have passed current as natural manifestations of a reasonable and pretty despair. But, when he once did violence to those names which are the idols of the age, while the spirit of religion is wanting, he became a mark for the condemnation of those who live by the service of Bel and Dagon. He might exhibit man as a wretched and contemptible, an utterly hopeless and irrecoverably erring creature,—he might represent selfishness and vanity as the true glories of our nature,—he might leave us no home but solitude, and no stay but sensuality, and deny not only God, but good;—and yet be the favourite of pious Reviewers, the drawing-room autocrat, the boudoir deity. But when he once dared to doubt, in so many words, of the wisdom of Providence, and, instead of hinting adultery, to name fornication, the morality of a righteous generation rose up in arms against him; and those who ought long before to have wept over the prostitution of such a mind, affected a new-born horror at the event, though they had been delighting for years in the reality of the pollution.

We wish not to deny that Lord Byron was a poet, and a great one. There are moods of the mind which he has delineated with remarkable fidelity. But, as Shakspeare would not have been what he is, had he exhibited only the fantastic waywardness of *Hamlet*, or the passionate love of *Romeo*, so Byron is less than a first-rate poet for the uniformity with which he has displayed that intense self-consciousness, and desperate indifference, which he has undoubtedly embodied more completely than any other English writer. The sceptre of his power is, indeed, girt with the wings of an angel, but it is also wreathed with earth-born serpents; and, while we admire we must sigh, and shudder while we bow.

TO MEET AGAIN.

To meet again ! O, that a cruel fate
Should have compelled us now, and thus, to part !
I feel as if the world lay desolate
For me ; a burden presses on my heart ;
In vain I strive to ease my breast, in vain
Life's sole hope is, that we may meet again !

To meet again ! that is the one lone ray,
Which from the blackness of this midnight streams ;
Cut off from thee, day shall crawl on to day,
And thou be present only in my dreams ;
I gaze around me in my spirit's dearth,
To know that nought like thee abides on earth !

I pine in solitude—I muse upon
The days, that, meteor-like, have glided by,
When blessing my rapt sight thy beauty shone,
And my heart thrill'd beneath thy conquering eye,
And when the music of thy deep, rich voice
Taught all my thoughts to sadden, yet rejoice.

Methinks I see thee, in thy green retreat,
Watering the glow of the flush'd summer flowers ;
Or, while the streamlet murmurs at thy feet,
Sitting with some loved book 'mid sylvan bowers,
And lending to the groves, and fields, and skies,
More lustrous beauty from thy soft blue eyes ;—

Ah ! changing, like our fortunes, wilt thou change,
Smile with the gay, and with the giddy turn ?
Forbid the thought ! Could Time thy heart estrange,
Less for the love of thee this heart should burn ;
But if on earth Fidelity may find
A home for rest, 'tis in thy noble mind !

Yes ! I will live in hope—it cannot be
(—Oh, if it should, before that hateful day,
May death—and welcome—set my spirit free—)
That thou from cherish'd ties should'st turn away ;
No ! Nature never could be so unkind,
As link, with form so fair, a fickle mind !

I'll think of thee, I'll think, when joy would come
To raise my lonely and desponding heart ;
I'll think of thee, beloved, in hours of gloom,
And happy feel that thou hast not a part
In my afflictions.—Oh ! without a cloud,
May all thy days shine o'er in lustre proud.

May a perpetual sunshine still illumine
Thy every thought—and not a woe or care
From thy soft cheek of beauty rob the bloom,
Or dim the silken richness of thy hair ;
And when sweet sleep comes o'er thee, oh, be bright
Thy sinless dreams with a celestial light !

None in the world like thee ! oh, there are none—
Or, if there were, my heart desires them not ;
Flower of life's wilderness ! my chosen one !
The bright, the beautiful, the unforgot,
I murmur thy dear name, and, day by day,
Yield me more deeply to Dejection's sway.

To Meet Again.

None in the world like thee ! oh everywhere
 I miss thee, where of yore I sought and found ;
 Fairest, at all times, never half so fair
 As now, when for thy form I gaze around
 In vain—and feel that I am quite alone—
 That life is pleasureless—and thou art gone !

None in the world like thee ! for me the spring
 Vainly puts forth its buds and bells ; I hear
 The lark ascending on its summer wing,
 But its sweet music palls upon my ear ;
 Blue skies o'erarch green earth, which smileth glad ;
 The streams make music—yet my heart is sad.

None in the world like thee ! I look around
 In vain to find thy likeness ; thou wert given
 To sanctify my soul, and from the ground
 Exalt my low thoughts, telling them of heaven ;
 For paltry were the heart, which, loving thee,
 Could faithless, sinful, or degraded be.

I cannot sleep—when beats the heavy rain,
 And the winds murmur through the midnight deep,
 I toss upon my couch, and turn in vain ;
 The past crowds on my thoughts—I cannot sleep ;
 And doubly dear thou art, and doubly fair,
 With thy calm brow, deep eyes, and sunny hair ;—

And then thy voice—I list it in my dreams—
 It haunts my memory with its angel tones,
 Till my heart bleeds ; to it all music seems
 A tuneless discord, which mine ear disowns ;
 I hear it in the silence of my thought,
 A rich, sad melody, by memory brought.

Yes ! I will walk in firmness—I will shake
 The world's pollutions from my thoughts, and be
 More just, more pure, more upright, for thy sake,
 More true to heaven, and less unworthy thee :
 Mourn o'er the past, and for the future prove
 As one whose conduct would secure thy love !

And I will fly temptation—I will keep
 My heart in separation from all ill,
 For thou wilt come to me at midnight deep,
 In holiest dreams, my troubled heart to still ;
 And thou wilt chase my fears, and cheer my gloom,
 By pointing forth to happier days to come !

To meet again !—without this hope, for me
 Death would be more than welcome ; for life seems
 The flowerless desert, and the shoreless sea,
 Of which the melancholy madman dreams,
 When not a ray of hope beams, shooting fair
 Through the grey mists of his forlorn despair.

To meet again !—till then a sad adieu !—
 With thee all joy and comfort disappears,
 And life grows dark and clouded on my view :—
 Farewell ! While wandering through this vale of tears,
 This one dear hope my spirit shall sustain,
 That we may meet again—may meet again !

THE CONDITION OF THE IRISH POOR.

A LETTER TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FROM A FRIEND IN IRELAND.

MY DEAR ———,

THIS is St. Patrick's day, a festival here on which the light-hearted and much-enduring Irish drown their shamrocks and their cares in whiskey. Extremes, we are told, meet; thus, as the fine ladies and gentlemen in London take laudanum and Curaçoa, so do the wretched Irish, whiskey. But these fine ladies and gentlemen upbraid the Irish for their dirt and their drunkenness; and even those who are of a better order seem to consider the Irish as more prone than other races of men to the peculiar vices that misery engenders on the half civilized. I am ready to admit that they are:—the best natures, when perverted, become the worst. This unfortunate country may present an unexampled picture of discord, of recklessness—even of crime; but it undoubtedly does present one of unexampled misery. For myself, however, I am apt to think, paradoxical as it may appear after admitting what I have done, that it also presents more virtue than any other country ever exhibited under circumstances equally deplorable. Other portions of the globe might, perhaps, be pointed out where there exists equal or even greater poverty, with all its attendant sufferings; but none, I think, where the people are equally civilized and equally destitute—and this adds the barb to the sting of misery. Pray observe, I mean only to express that the Irish, however low in the scale of civilization, are exposed to greater misery and poverty than any other people *at the same degree of social advancement.*

It is not my intention to demand why this is the case, nor to enter into any political argument upon the subject; but I am sure that it is sufficient to justify my opinion that they suffer more than any other nation;

B———, 17th March, 1828.

and that, suffering more, whatever be the terrible outrages that take place, and the continued disturbed condition of the country, they still *endure* with a degree of patience and virtue that you in England can form little idea of. The character of the people has been the produce of centuries of discord and injustice. The English found Ireland at war within herself, torn by internal faction; and they have kept her so. I do not intend to blame either party, far less to take the usual course of attributing all the existing evil to one side: my only desire is to draw your attention to the real *sufferings* of Ireland. Its political evils may partly cause them; but I am sure there are measures which both parties might unite in promoting, that, even without touching upon Emancipation, would lead to some arrangement under which the population might obtain employment and food. The Scotch and English are beginning to exclaim that their labouring population will be degraded in their habits, and reduced to a level with the Irish, by the immense numbers that flock over from this country, and undersell their industry. This ought to give some notion of what must be the state of Ireland. Mr. Wilmot Horton proposes emigration; and justly says, that even tranquillity would not, in any great degree, bring over to Ireland sufficient English capital to occupy the superabundant multitude of living souls. Machinery is a cheaper workman than even the Irishman can prove;—and the collieries present the natural site for the iron and hardware works, which give employment to such a multitude of hands in England. But whatever may be the difficulties of the case, it is one that imperatively demands to be investigated. Politicians, and political economists are, I fear, too

prone to argue with something of the temper of the Cardinal Mazarin, who, when a poor man, appealing to him, said, "Sir, I must exist," is reported to have replied, that he did not see any necessity that he should.

Society depends upon the principle that *all shall live*. I sicken when I listen to the owners of thousands making speeches upon the impropriety of early marriages, and the multiplication of the poor in Ireland, as though, instead of a fertile land, the country was a besieged town, where policy might propose some scheme "to vent their musty superfluity." Prudence and humanity may wish to restrain the birth of beggars—but the North American savage, who is condemned to a life of misery by her stronger husband, whose toils and privations are such as often to induce her to put to death her female offspring, that they may not live to endure the hardships of her lot,—goes only a short step farther than these legislators, who, instead of removing the causes of poverty, sternly denounce it as the just and necessary consequence of youthful unions—and, unmindful of the strongest impulses and the tenderest feelings of the heart, desire the poor to remain unwedded till the brightest season of life has passed away. I doubt if, in every view of the question, they are not mistaken; and, I believe, the only effect their doctrine produces is that of hardening the hearts of the rich, and turning men's thoughts from devising means for alleviating that which they prefer declaring irremediable. I believe there has not been one unit the less in the increasing number of our population, for all that Mr. Malthus and his followers have written.

I live within nineteen miles of Dublin, and personally know nothing of the most wretched parts of Ireland; yet what I see *here* you would

scarcely credit. This is quite a corn district, which, of course, is favourable in affording employment; the neighbouring fishing towns, although they have but few boats in comparison to what you might suppose their proximity to the Dublin market would support, still maintain a considerable number of families, so that anything I can relate to you will, in fact, convey no sample of what really is the degree of suffering poverty in Ireland. I believe some political economists say that the Roman Catholic religion is productive of mendicity; whether it is so or not I shall not examine; but it most undoubtedly fosters a degree of charity which is equally striking as the want which it relieves. I am told nearly all the families of the men who go to England and Scotland for the harvest, live, during the absence of their husbands and fathers, by begging—and I can well credit it from what I see here. You will meet a woman with scarcely any other clothes than a patched and ragged cloak, followed by three or four children—generally, indeed, with one of them on her back—a tin kettle and a small sack carried by the biggest;—she tells you her husband "is gone to look work; she has tired out her own people; or she has none to look to her; and she is *walking the world*, begging her bit, for God's sake;"* and she will often return at night to the temporary lodging she has secured, with her sack full of potatoes, which may have been collected from the small farmers, or by twos and threes at the houses of the poorest inhabitants. I know several widows who have, for a constancy, entirely existed, together with their children, on the benevolence of their neighbours. "Looking their bit," is a regular phrase to denote this way of living. But imagine what it is!—the scanty meal of cold potatoes, or the wretch-

* We have heard before of this phrase, as used by the Irish poor; and have ever considered it as one of the most striking instances of that poetry of expression by which they are distinguished from our own lower classes. There cannot be a stronger or more brief description of that state of utter destitution and abandonment, which makes all places alike, than those four words—to *walk the world*.—Ed.

ed fire, which is made of "sprigs," (that is, bits of furze pulled from the few fences that offer even that,) and morsels of manure, which have been dried to supply the fuel necessary to boil the small refuse potatoes which they glean, if I may so term it, from the general digging of the neighbouring crops!—Think of such a family, on a winter's day, wandering along the country with not always the degree of covering necessary for decency, never that sufficient for warmth;—look at the bare legs, mottled blue with cold, and scarred with burns which they have scarcely felt, when, in their eagerness to profit by the permission to warm themselves, they have almost put their limbs into the fire!—The mother deploring the existence of her children, and looking with double sadness at the inclemency of a day of storm, when they must remain within their cabin, destitute both of food and warmth—their bed, on which they try to sleep away some of the hours of misery, a heap of worn-out straw, without other covering than the tattered cloak, a piece of an old sack, or, may be, the remains of a blanket, which you would think too vile a rag to hang out amongst your peas as a scarecrow! This is no fancy-drawn picture—I know several families equally destitute.

We have heard much of late of the evils of sub-letting, and a bill, I believe, is in force to remedy some of them. It has not fallen within my means generally to investigate the tenures on which the poor inhabitants hold their mud cabins; for, where I cannot relieve, I shrink from questioning the poor—their wretchedness I respect. But I know the great majority tell me they "live under a poor man;" they often give, as rent, the heap of manure which they have collected and made with a diligence and success that you English could not comprehend might be achieved, where the proprietor of this source of profit possesses no animals but a few hens, or perhaps a pig. This dunghill, which, there-

fore, you need not wonder is placed at their door, for it is their riches, will frequently procure them land on which to set potatoes, that will chiefly support them through the year. Farmers give their worn-out quarter or half-quarter of an acre of land to those who can manure it; and if, by labour and the sale of the pig, the rent of the cabin has been paid, and enough potatoes procured for seed, the man is in a thriving state, and his family, though, in the spring of the year, they may have subsisted on one meal a day, and are never half-clad, may still be considered very well off.

The scantiness or abundance of the potatoe crop is the chief criterion of the degree of starvation which is to be the lot of the majority. The farmers give in proportion; and the poor who have them of their own, or who purchase them, equally depend for comfortable subsistence on their abundance. In years where they have failed, I have known families, of which the father enjoys constant employment every day in the year, reduced to one meal in the twenty-four hours. What, then, is the degree of starvation of those who in scanty seasons depend on charity? Last spring, though there had not been an absolute failure of potatoes, they were very dear; and I will give you one instance of the sufferings endured by a family consisting of a man, his wife, and five children, the eldest a girl about twelve years old. The man, whose name is Donough, usually works with a farmer who feeds him, and gives him sevenpence a day; but in the scarcest part of the spring, the farmer diminished his number of labourers, and this poor man could find no employment. He left home to seek for work, and at the end of three weeks returned scarcely able, through weakness from want of food, to crawl to his door. His wife was not in a much better condition;—they begged from the neighbours, but what they got was only sufficient to preserve them from actual famine;—they constantly pass-

ed two days without food—their children would, as she expressed it to me, “get megrims in their heads through emptiness, and then they would fall down on the floor, and sleep—but they would groan in their sleep, and their father would cry out, ‘Well, thank God, they will die, and be out of their pain before morning, and I shall not hear those heart-breaking moans any longer.’” The father could scarcely endure his home where he witnessed such things. What did the *mother* feel? She regretted that she was a wife and mother, and all the fond overflowing warm feelings of nature, the best emotions of the heart, were turned to bitterness and despair;—she wished to stand alone in the world, she hugged her infants in agony, and prayed God would take them! But they lived through their sufferings. Summer came, and with it employment; hay-making, gleanings, and, above all, the potatoes. They lived through their sufferings, to endure them probably again, or, if not equal misery, something very nearly approaching to it. At this moment, I am supporting a family where the father is in the ague, and the wife lying-in of her sixth child. You would think their cabin not good enough for a cow-shed;—the bed the poor woman lies on is not as warm as the litter in your dog-kennel. Their landlord is a man who holds an acre and a half of ground, and finds it difficult enough to support his own family; yet he is very patient for their rent, a pound a year, which I cannot imagine how they *ever* pay.—You would scarcely take this woman to belong to the United Kingdom;—her hair hangs in the jagged locks which you see represented in prints of the Esquimaux women—filth begrimes her, till her naturally fair complexion is imperceptible—her large blue eyes look wild and haggard with misery—her tone is that of hopelessness. You cannot imagine the dead sad tone of voice which accompanies this state of destitution.

The women suffer far more than the men; they are worse clad, though exposed equally to the hardships of the weather; for, if they do not labour for the farmer, they are employed in collecting fuel—in making up the heap of dung—in begging. And the toil of bringing up their children adds to their physical suffering, as much as to their moral: they generally suckle their children for upwards of two years. I have never met any human beings that moved my compassion so much as the female peasantry of this country; their appearance often excites disgust; nor can you wonder that misery should be careless of arranging rags that no care could make decent. Cold and wretchedness must produce dirt and neglect; their features quickly acquire the sharp hard lines of habitual suffering, their persons all the tokens of squalor, their characters the recklessness of despair. Yet have they warmer feelings of relationship than any other people. I have found what might even be termed sentimental delicacy of feeling, amongst those who have only not been reduced to the last stage of living by “begging their bit.” I have known the wife hide her illness and suffering from her husband, “that he might not fret,” or spend his money in trying to get her bread, when she was unable to swallow potatoes. I have known them give up the likelihood of permanent employment in a distant part of the country, in order to stay and watch the last years of their helpless parents—as my poor woman at Balrothery said to me, “Sure I would not leave my mother, if the paving stones of the road were made of silver;” and I have seen an old miserable half blind hen cherished more than the “laying pullet” whose eggs were to purchase the only new clothing that was to cover the child,—I have seen this hen helped to her perch near the fire, because it had been the mother’s hen—the last remaining token of the parent who had been buried ten years ago!

What must be the hearts of peo-

ple whom even misery cannot chill to the neglect of affection, though it renders them utterly careless of themselves? and what right have men to talk to such people of the necessary degradation and misery attendant upon early marriages? It is not the law of nature that entails such misery; the cause exists in the arbitrary arrangements of our laws and social system. I call aloud upon you who have the power to attract attention, to tell the public what is the state of misery in Ireland.

The Irish members may know more than they tell; ignorant of any positive scheme of radical improvement, they may advocate education, emancipation, emigration, and think too much interference hurtful to the

internal condition of a country, leaving individuals to take care of their own concerns. But, in my opinion of the poverty and misery of Ireland, it demands interference. The political grievances are rather symptoms than causes: they aggravate the malady no doubt, and demand instant attention—but, considered as party-questions,—in which light they appear to me alone ever to be considered,—they strike not at the root of the evil. I wish to call your attention to Ireland, as a humane and philosophical man, not as a political partisan of any school. I fear my letter is too tedious to propitiate you—but I know your good heart, and I assure you it would bleed if you saw what I daily witness.

MADAME DAVIDOFF'S STORY.

ON my arrival at Kioff* from Moscow, Count Miloradowitch,† the Governor-General of the province, received me with that hospitable politeness which so eminently distinguishes the Russian nation. He was that day to give a dinner, in honour of the Emperor's birth-day, which I was invited to attend.

At five o'clock, I proceeded to the Government palace. This is a fine residence, and at the period here referred to, it had been furnished in most elegant style by Count Miloradowitch. The gardens, which were beautifully laid out, were open as a promenade to the inhabitants of Kioff. The dinner presented a specimen of the Count's munificent taste, and there was profusion without confusion. I had the good fortune to be seated next to Madame

Aglæe Davidoff, (before her marriage, Mademoiselle de Grammont,) and I thus escaped the dulness which so frequently attends a dinner of ceremony. We conversed about her family, who were known to me, and the fate of her uncles, Counts Armand and Jules de Polignac, who then excited general interest. We soon became intimate. We were both young and far from our native country, and fond recollections, common to us both, supplied the place of previous acquaintance.

Opposite to us, on the right hand of the Governor, there sat a young lady, whose beauty attracted my notice. The paleness of her interesting countenance was heightened by the contrast of her luxuriant dark hair, which descended in clustering ringlets on her neck. Her long eye-

* Called Kioff the great or the holy. It is supposed to have been founded in the year 430, by Prince Kia, after whom it was named. In the year 1027, Prince Wladimir made it the capital of the Russian empire.

† Count Miloradowitch was originally aide-de-camp to Souwaroff, whose entire confidence he enjoyed. He became one of the most distinguished generals of the Russian army, and was Commander-in-chief against the Turks in Walachia. He commanded the advanced guard in 1812, and received Murat when he was sent by Buonaparte to propose an adjustment. He afterwards became Governor-General of St. Petersburg, and in the year 1825, while exerting himself to quell an insurrection, he was shot by one of the ringleaders of the disturbance. His death was universally regretted.

lashes modestly overshadowed eyes whose gaze no surrounding object had for a moment power to attract. Her abstracted and melancholy air seemed to be the effect of deep and protracted grief. Her appearance altogether powerfully excited my interest, and I could not refrain from asking my fair neighbour whether she knew her. "I do," replied Madame Davidoff. "The estate belonging to my family in Prodolia, adjoins one of hers, and I have frequently passed whole months at her father's residence. An event equally interesting and unfortunate, in one moment, blighted the happiness of her whole life."—"Dare I venture to ask what it was?" I inquired; "for I assure you my curiosity is powerfully excited."—"The sad story is no secret," answered the lady; "but it is too long to be told now; and besides the unhappy subject of it would feel uneasy, if she thought we were talking about her. However, in the course of the evening, I shall, I dare say, find an opportunity of satisfying you." Here our conversation was interrupted by the noisy and barbarous music of a Calmuck regiment. This was followed by a band of horns, the melancholy harmony of which can perhaps only be heard in perfection in Russia. At length the dinner being concluded, and the usual toasts drunk to the accompaniment of loud cheers and discharges of artillery from the garrison, the company retired to an apartment splendidly illuminated with wax lights. Count Miloradowitch opened the ball by a polonaise with Princess Helen Suwaroff, daughter of the Grand Chamberlain Narischkin. During the intervals between the dances, MM. Lafont and Romberg exhibited their masterly talent on the violin and violoncello. The heat of the rooms was excessive, and I drew near to Madame Davidoff to remind her of her promise. She took my arm, and we descended to the terrace, and seated ourselves in a pavilion overlooking the extensive plain surrounding the town,

which is washed by the waves of the winding Borysthenes. Here my fair companion commenced her story as follows:

"You have doubtless heard of Count Bro—ky, who was as celebrated for his brilliant eloquence as for his vast fortune. His only daughter, Vanda, having lost her mother at her birth, the Count hired as her nurse the wife of one of his Ukrainian subjects, a soldier who, a few months before, had departed with his regiment for the Caucasus. The woman, with her infant son, was transferred from their humble abode to the castle of Count Bro—ky, and Vanda and her foster-brother Iwan were consequently brought up together. The boy, as he grew up, developed the germs of those noble qualities which nature had implanted in him; and the Count, becoming more and more attached to him, sent him to complete his education at the University of Wilna, which Prince Ozortorinskey had at that time raised to a level with the most celebrated learned institutions in Europe. There he remained three years, and on his return, being scarcely twenty years of age, the Count made him his steward, and gave him the complete management of all his estates. In this situation he acquitted himself so honourably, that while he diminished the labour and the burthens of the peasantry, he increased considerably the revenues of his patron.

"I have already told you that I frequently made a visit of several weeks at the castle of Count Bro—ky. The origin of my acquaintance with the family was as follows: My grandfather, the Duke de Polignac, was on a footing of intimacy with Count Bro—ky, when the latter came to France before the Revolution. The high favour which the Duke and all his family enjoyed at court, afforded him the means of rendering a foreigner's visit to Paris exceedingly agreeable; and during the misfortunes of our emigration, Count Bro—ky, by his kindness, amply repaid any favours he might at a for-

mer period have received from my grandfather. But, alas! the consolations of generous hospitality cannot banish the recollections of one's country and one's home! However, my aunt, the Countess Diana, who was exceedingly fond of me, often took me with her on a visit to the castle of Count Bro—ky, where I had the opportunity of receiving instructions from the various masters who were engaged for the education of the young Countess. Vanda's cousin, a charming girl named Elizabeth P—ka, was also the companion of our studies. When left an orphan, at the age of five, she became the Count's ward, who not only educated her carefully, but managed all her large estates, most of which were situated in Cherson, of which her father had been governor. Though Vanda and her young kinswoman differed essentially in character, yet, as both were equally kindly disposed and amiable, that difference did not diminish their friendship. Vanda was lively, and sometimes impetuous; but her excellent heart so quickly overflowed with regret for the commission of a fault, that it was impossible to withhold her pardon for a moment. Elizabeth, on the contrary, who was less handsome than her cousin, was very reserved. By her air of abstraction and melancholy, she seemed to be made to love and to suffer without complaining. Often in our juvenile sports did we try to provoke her to depart from that uniform gentleness and patience which seemed her second nature, but without success; for, calm and resigned, she always met our tricks with her usual sweetness of temper, and frequently made us blush for having attempted them. We had all three finished our education when Iwan returned from Wilna. He had lost his mother several years before, and as we had not for a long time heard of his father, we concluded that he had died fighting against the Circassians. The castle of Count Bro—ky now became Iwan's only home; and there he found the want

of parents supplied by the kind hearts of his benefactors. It seemed that the same destiny which made his birth obscure, had, as a compensation, endowed him with uncommon personal beauty, and qualities which endeared him to all who were capable of appreciating him. It may easily be supposed that the praises of this young man, frequently and publicly pronounced by the Count, made a powerful impression on the minds and hearts of the two charming cousins, who lived under the same roof with him without constraint, and had been accustomed from infancy to regard him as a brother, and to treat him as an equal. They were still ignorant of what love meant, while both felt the passion in its full force. When they began to understand the nature of their feelings, and ventured to fathom their hearts, Vanda consoled herself by cherishing the idea that her father's blind fondness for herself, and the affection he had always manifested for Iwan, would smooth the distance which seemed otherwise calculated to separate them for ever. In that happy age in which our belief readily accommodates itself to our wishes, to imagine that she was beloved by Iwan sufficed to make her overlook all idea of danger from such a passion. With respect to Elizabeth, mistress of herself and of her large property, the idea of indemnifying Iwan for the wrongs of fortune, seemed to her the foundation of the feeling she entertained towards him, and she only waited for a favourable opportunity to ask of her uncle that consent which she had no doubt of obtaining.

"Iwan did not long remain ignorant of the sentiments which he had inspired; but, though passionately enamoured of Vanda, respect and honour forbade him to reveal his love; and, to avoid suspicion, he paid more attention to Elizabeth than to her, whom he adored in silence. Meanwhile, if Elizabeth supposed herself the object of Iwan's regard, Vanda was certain that she

was beloved ; for a woman is seldom long deceived as to the sentiments she raises in the other sex. One day, when I was on a visit, with all my family, at the Castle, the Count said to me, 'Aglaée, have not you a sister married in England?'—'Yes,' I replied, 'to Lord Tankerville, whose estates are in Northumberland, but who resides constantly in London.'—'In that case,' rejoined the Count, 'you will oblige me by giving Iwan a letter to Lady Tankerville. I wish him to make a journey to England, and to remain there some months. He will visit the manufacturing towns, to collect information respecting improvements in agriculture, and to bring back with him much general knowledge, which may be easily turned to the advantage of this country. Tomorrow, I intend to go with him to Maknomska, where I have manufactories of leather and cloth, and some German workmen. But men capable of superintending the works are wanting, and I have no doubt that Iwan will be able to bring skilful persons from England, who will soon give life to a branch of trade which is paralyzed solely for want of a system.'

"I assured him that I would with pleasure do what he desired, and my family immediately concurred with me in making joint offers of our services. 'I shall be absent about a week,' continued the Count; 'but will return for Vanda's birthday. You will, no doubt, as usual, favour us with your company, and, in the mean time, you can prepare your letter. I expect soon to have an opportunity for Dautzic, and from thence Iwan will proceed immediately to England.' He accordingly set out next day for his manufacturing settlement above alluded to, which was situated in Wolhinia.

"In the following week we returned to the Castle, where every preparation had been made for a fête, for the twofold celebration of Vanda's birthday, and the return of the Count and Iwan, who were expected

that evening. A small but select party of friends were already assembled, and all were eagerly watching at the windows for the approach of the travellers. About seven o'clock in the evening, we descried them, followed by a few servants, advancing towards the Castle as rapidly as their Ukranian steeds could carry them.

"You have doubtless observed, that almost all the villages in Poland are built on the slope of a mountain, the base of which is washed by a lake, and that a narrow road, raised in the form of a dyke, confines the water, which serves to turn a mill. These roads are almost all public thoroughfares; and along one of them the Count was proceeding at full gallop when we first discerned him in the distance. A herd of oxen was advancing from the opposite extremity of the road; and one of the animals taking fright at the velocity with which the travellers darted along, suddenly thrust his horns into the side of the Count's horse. The noble animal starting back, fell into the lake, dragging his rider with him. To leap from his saddle, and to plunge into the water for the rescue of his benefactor, was to Iwan only the affair of a moment. But his task was difficult. The Count, having one foot entangled in his stirrup, was dragged along by his horse, which, in spite of his loss of blood, swam so rapidly that Iwan, who was encumbered with his clothes, could not easily overtake him. However, by dint of vigorous efforts, he at length reached him. The Count's foot was disengaged from the stirrup, and Iwan kept his head above water until a boat, which had been sent to their aid, received them both, and conveyed them ashore.

"I leave you to imagine the consternation which at this moment prevailed in the Castle. Shrieks of terror resounded on every side, and tears streamed from every eye. Vanda fainted in the arms of her cousin; and these two interesting beings were carried to their cham-

bers in an almost lifeless state. The unhappy Vanda recovered from her swoon only to learn the full extent of her misfortune. The doctor, who had bled the Count twice, entertained but faint hopes of saving him. Every remedy was applied without effect, and the current of life was rapidly ebbing. As soon as this fatal sentence was pronounced, the assembled guests hastened to quit the house of mourning, conscious that their presence would only be an intrusion on sorrow which they could not alleviate.

"Conceiving that the situation of my unhappy young friends demanded all my sympathy and attention, I prevailed on my family to allow me to remain with them. In a few hours, Iwan, being somewhat recovered from the exhaustion caused by his heroic exertions, came to mingle his tears with ours, and to deplore the sad event which deprived him of more than a parent. Alas! how were our feelings at variance with the objects that intruded themselves on our gaze. On every side we beheld garlands of flowers, blazing chandeliers, and spread tables; while an adored father, lunce, and benefactor, was expiring in the arms of his despairing family. The servants were weeping bitterly, and the sobs and lamentations of the peasantry who thronged the court-yard, were re-echoed in our hearts. The melancholy picture still is, and will ever remain, vividly present in my imagination.

"About midnight, the Count, for a few moments, became sensible, but his strength was reduced to the last extremity. Gazing wildly round him, he uttered the names of Vanda, Elizabeth, and Iwan; but the words died on his lips. A few drops of a potion were administered to him, and he appeared somewhat revived. With difficulty he was raised in his bed; and taking Iwan by the hand, he said, pointing to the two young orphans, 'My son, I confide them to your protection.' He then pronounced his blessing on all three, as

they kneeled by his bed-side; and joining the hands of Vanda and Iwan, he added, 'My dear son, let her happiness be your care.' These were his last words, and at three in the morning he expired.

"Vanda now became the object of our concern, and for some time we entertained serious apprehensions for her life. She was with difficulty torn from the remains of her father, and together with her cousin, removed from the scene of death. I followed them, in the hope of assuaging their grief; but it is vain to offer consolation when despair triumphs over reason. Iwan, manfully struggling with his feelings, punctually discharged all the duties which devolved upon him at that sad moment. He actively superintended the affairs of the Castle, and made every preparation for rendering the last honours to the revered remains of his benefactor. The same friends who but a week before had joyfully assembled to celebrate the birth-day of the daughter, now met in sable array to follow the father to the grave, and—

'All things that were ordained festival,
Turn'd from their office to black funeral.'

"The mournful procession was followed by the whole population of the Count's vast estates, and every individual bore in his countenance visible marks of the grief which wrung his heart. All seemed to deplore the loss of a father.

"For the space of a year after the Count's death, the two cousins declined receiving any visitors, except myself. Vanda, who, by the dying words of her father, considered herself as betrothed to Iwan, no longer disguised her attachment for him. Elizabeth, having renounced all hope of a union with the object of her affections, suffered in silence the miseries of disappointed love, while she wished to have it supposed that her uncle's death was the sole cause of her deep and continued sorrow. Iwan, however, who well knew its real cause, and who could only offer the affection of a brother in return for her devoted attachment, endea-

voured by proofs of the warmest friendship to console her for the love which it was not in his power to bestow.

"Suddenly the cloud of melancholy which had so long overshadowed the countenance of Elizabeth disappeared, and she assumed a serenity to which she had long been a stranger. Instead of avoiding Iwan as heretofore, she eagerly sought his society, and became as familiar with him as they had been in the days of their childhood. Even in the presence of Vanda, she would gaze on him with a look of affection, which seemed to say, 'I shall yet be happy.' This unexpected change excited surprise in all who observed it, and soon gave birth to a feeling of jealousy in the heart of Vanda. Too proud to complain, she cautiously concealed her suspicions from all save a female attendant, whom she instructed to watch the conduct of Iwan and her cousin. She was soon informed that they had secretly met in an arbour in the garden at day-break, before any of the inmates of the Castle had risen; and to this disclosure was added, the mention of various circumstances calculated to wound the heart of an affectionate woman. She was told that Iwan had been seen on his knees apparently imploring the forgiveness of Elizabeth, and that when he arose they fondly embraced each other. Distressed beyond imagination at finding herself thus cruelly deceived by the two beings whom she loved most dearly in the world, she anxiously prayed for a favourable opportunity of punishing their ingratitude and treachery. Alas! this opportunity occurred but too soon!

"For some days past Elizabeth's servants had been observed busily preparing their mistress's travelling carriage, and relays were ordered to be in readiness at certain places. These were the only circumstances which warranted a suspicion of her intention to quit the Castle. She herself had intimated no such design to any one, until, suddenly seizing

the hand of Vanda, she said, with tears in her eyes, 'Dearest cousin, I must leave you to-morrow, but I hope only for a short while, though I cannot, at present, name the day of my return. My mother's sister, who, along with you, forms my whole family, is, I am informed, dangerously ill, and desires anxiously to see me, perhaps, for the last time. I must, of course, hasten to fulfil so sacred a duty, and I shall accordingly set out to-morrow at day-break. I mean to take only my maid with me; but, in my absence, Iwan will take charge of the rest of my servants who remain behind. Do not forget your Elizabeth, who, be assured, will love you affectionately till her latest breath.' With these last words, she threw her arms round Vanda's neck, and strained her to her bosom. Such emotion, on account of a very short absence, was far from appearing natural, and it excited the strongest suspicions in the mind of Vanda. She supposed that Elizabeth and Iwan had concerted their flight together, and that the story of the journey was only a pretext to enable them to carry their scheme the more easily into effect. The coldness with which Vanda received this tender farewell was not observed by Elizabeth, whose excessive grief seemed to subdue all her faculties.

"As soon as Vanda returned to her own apartments she ordered Sarah, her favourite maid, to be immediately called. 'It is but too true,' said she, 'the ungrateful wretches are flying from me, and repaying the benefits of my father and myself, by breaking a heart whose only fault was its mistaken reliance on their virtues.—Run—lose not a moment—trace their footsteps—watch their movements; and come back immediately and tell me every thing you discover. They are not yet so certain of success as they imagine.' Sarah obeyed her mistress without delay; and Vanda, overpowered with grief, threw herself on a sofa in her chamber. There, calling to recollection all the marks of love which

Iwan had given her, all the proofs of affection and attachment which, ever since their infancy, her cousin had lavished upon her, she strove to repel the cruel idea that she was deceived by two beings so dear to her. But her confidante returned; and, with her, all the torments of jealousy revived. 'Well, have you seen them together?'—'Yes,' replied the maid, 'I have just left them.'—'Where?'—'In the very same part of the garden where I have already told you they meet every morning.'—'Ah! what did you overhear?'—'I have no doubt they had been there some time before I got sight of them. Iwan was kneeling before Elizabeth; he held in his hand a paper, which it appeared she had just given him, and which he was urging her to take back. "Nothing can make me change my resolution," said Elizabeth; "it is unalterable. Be prudent; I have your promise, and on that I rely. In three days we shall have nothing to conceal." "Three days!" said Vanda, with a sigh. "At the altar," continued Elizabeth, "I will release you from this oath, especially if every thing is kept from Vanda's knowledge." Iwan, still on his knees, begged her to defer her departure but for one day. "My dear Iwan," said she, "to-morrow at day-break we shall both of us have done our duty!" Here their tears flowed in abundance. At last both left the arbour, and Iwan, placing the paper in his bosom, said: "It shall remain here, dear Elizabeth, along with your secret, and the vow of adoration which I have made to you. Here they remain conjoined for life." "Farewell, Iwan," said she, "to-morrow Elizabeth will give you all that she can now dispose of." They then parted, and I hurried back to you, for it now wants but a few hours to day-break.'

"Certain of being sacrificed to a rival, disdain for a moment took place of indignation in the mind of

Vanda; but resolved to confound the two deceivers, she threw herself, dressed as she was, upon her bed, in order to be in readiness to leave her chamber at the first dawn of day. But exhausted as she was by grief, sleep soon overcame her, and after several troubled dreams, she awoke only in time to hear the tinkling of the bell which was attached to Elizabeth's travelling carriage.*

"Vanda flew to the window, and beheld her cousin tearing herself from the embraces of Iwan, while she gave him a box, which he firmly pressed to his lips. She then hastily threw herself into the carriage which was waiting to receive her. In the first transport of her indignation Vanda rushed from the chamber, for the purpose of convicting them of their treachery; but, in the state of agitation in which she was, she missed her way, and wandered wildly about the long winding avenues of the castle. When at length she reached the court-yard, Elizabeth's carriage had started, and was already out of sight. Iwan was alone, and with eyes suffused with tears, was looking out upon the road in the direction which the carriage had taken. He was unconscious of her presence, until his attention was directed towards her by the expressions of astonishment which her frantic air elicited from a group of peasants who happened to observe her. 'Dear Vanda,' he exclaimed, 'I did not expect or wish to see you here; Elizabeth and I had determined to spare you the pain of another farewell.' 'Your scheme was well contrived,' replied Vanda, with an ironical smile, 'but it is not yet too late to defeat the perfidious design. Your base treachery fills me with detestation and contempt: and these are the only sentiments with which you can, henceforth, inspire me!' 'Vanda,' said Iwan, in a tone of mingled astonishment, grief, and pride, 'can this

* In Russia it is usual to fasten bells to travelling carriages; and the ringing being heard at a distance in the solitary roads, warns the peasantry to range their carts and sledges on one side, so as not to obstruct the way.

language be addressed to me?' 'To you, Iwan Iwanowitch!* to you! and I desire that you instantly deliver up to me the papers and the box which you have received from my cousin.' 'Vanda, Vanda, your reason wanders!—Come with me; this is neither the time nor the place for explanation.' 'My reason must, indeed, have been bewildered, while I was the dupe of your falsehood. But I am so no longer, and once more I desire you to deliver up those papers. Will you dare to withhold them?' 'The tone in which you make this demand, Vanda, would sufficiently justify my refusal to comply with it, even though a solemn oath did not bind me.' 'Oh! this is too much! give them to me instantly I say!' While she uttered these words, making an effort to rush towards Iwan for the purpose of snatching the papers from his bosom, she fell and her head struck with violence upon the stones. She was immediately raised, but her indignation was excited to a pitch of frenzy, and she exclaimed, 'Iwan Iwanowitch! you have dared to entertain a perfidious attachment for another woman. This baseness merits the punishment of a slave; and you are now nothing else.' 'A slave!' repeated the astonished Iwan; 'A slave, Vanda! Your father made me your equal.' 'How! Will you dare to make so insolent an assertion! Show me the act by which you are enfranchised. You are a serf I say, a rebellious serf, refusing to obey the commands of his mistress, and as such you shall receive the punishment assigned to slaves.' Then turning to the peasants who stood near her, 'Seize him instantly,' she continued, 'and take from him by force the papers which he has refused to give up. Let him instantly receive the punishment of the *bagottes*,† and I offer a hundred gold ducats to him who

most promptly executes my orders and brings me the papers.'

"Only those who have witnessed the state of passive obedience to which ages of slavery have reduced the peasantry of Russia and Poland, who hesitate not at the orders of a tyrannical steward, to inflict the brutal punishment of flogging on women and even on their own parents—only those who know the debased condition of these uncivilized beings, will perhaps believe that the commands of the frantic Vanda were promptly executed. Men of all classes seem to enjoy a malignant pleasure in the humiliation of those whose merit is superior to their own; besides, in this instance, the temptation of the promised reward was irresistible; and the most ignominious of punishments was inflicted on a young man, whose high spirit and cultivated education rendered him keenly sensible to the full extent of the degradation.

"Alas! what a world of vain repentance might we often spare ourselves, if we suffered only a moment's calm reflection to intervene between our anger and its effects. The wretched Vanda, already stung with the pangs of remorse, hurried wildly to her apartment, and sunk exhausted with grief before the portrait of her father, whose stern glance seemed to heap reproaches on the head of his unhappy daughter. But what was her agony, when she received the packet which she so eagerly desired to possess. The box, which she herself had formerly presented to Elizabeth, and which was adorned with her own portrait and a lock of her hair, contained merely some contracts relative to family property, and a letter addressed to her by her cousin. She instantly broke the seal, and hurriedly glancing over its contents, she learned that Elizabeth, having been long a prey to grief, which all her efforts

* Iwanowitch signifies the son of Iwan. It is customary in Russia to add the father's name to the baptismal name of the son.

† Rods made of the branches of a hard kind of water willow, with which serfs are flogged for any offence they commit. This punishment is less severe than that of the *knout*.

were unable to subdue, had resolved to forsake a world in which she could no longer be happy; but before she buried herself for ever in a convent, she was anxious to give her two friends a last testimony of her unalterable regard; that she accordingly made over her whole property to Iwan, hoping thereby to remove the only obstacle which could retard his marriage with Vanda: that she attached to this bequest only one condition, namely, that Iwan should liberate and provide for her servants, all of whom had been with her since her childhood. 'Adieu! dear Vanda,' she said at the conclusion of her letter, 'may you be as happy as Elizabeth wishes you should be, and may Iwan's love repay you for my loss. I return your portrait and your lock of hair, to prove to you that I now tear myself from every earthly tie, and direct all my thoughts towards another world, in which I trust we shall all hereafter meet.'

"The grief and despair which now rent the heart of the unhappy Vanda, may be easily conceived. 'Bring him back,' she exclaimed, 'bring him back! that I may implore his pardon, and die at his feet. . . . Fly! odious instruments of my fatal rage!' she continued, addressing the vassals who had come to claim her promised reward, 'and he who restores him to me, shall immediately have his freedom.' A numerous band of peasants now set out in various directions in pursuit of Iwan; but their search proved fruitless,—they could discover no traces of him.

"Irritated to madness by the degrading punishment to which he had been subjected, Iwan eagerly longed for revenge. He fled to the woods adjoining the castle, uttering cries of fury and despair. Here he wandered about for several hours, entering the thickest recesses of the forest, amidst the haunts of wild beasts. Night drew in, and the rain, which fell in torrents, drenched his garments, though it had no power to allay the fever that raged within him. 'Let me,' he exclaimed, 'rid myself

of an existence which is no longer endurable; and my death, while it releases me from misery, will embitter with remorse the future life of her who has so cruelly wronged me.' He now turned in the direction of the castle, and the lightning, which vividly illumined the heavens, enabled him to retrace his way through the almost impenetrable forest. At length he came within sight of the turrets of the castle, and he heard the clock strike one. Proceeding onward at a rapid pace, he soon reached the garden-gates, which, in the confusion of the preceding day, had been left unfastened. He entered unperceived by any one, for most of the servants were still out in quest of him, and those who were at home had retired to rest. One light was still burning in the castle, and that was visible at Vanda's chamber-window. 'Ah!' exclaimed Iwan, 'sleep has forsaken her couch: and how many weary and restless nights must she yet linger out, whilst I shall sleep undisturbedly in the everlasting night of death!' Having entered the castle, and ascended to his own apartment, he took from the head of his bed a brace of pistols, splendidly mounted, which had been one of the first presents he received from the Count; and, hiding them in his bosom, he proceeded to Vanda's chamber. Starting up at the sound of his footsteps, she exclaimed, in wild accents, 'Ah! have you found him?—is he here?'—'He is,' said Iwan, and presenting himself before her in the miserable condition to which his sufferings had reduced him, he added, 'I am come to afford you the happiness of witnessing this sight.' With these words, he drew one of the pistols from his bosom, and was aiming it at his head, but Vanda, rushing towards him with the quickness of thought, seized his arm, and the pistol-bail struck a mirror, which it shivered in a thousand pieces. 'Your efforts are vain,' said he, 'you have deprived me of honour, and I might now be avenged, for your life is in my hands. But I will not take

it,—live to repent of my murder.' So saying, he drew the second pistol, and once more aimed at his own life. Vanda threw herself on her knees, and in a suppliant voice, exclaimed, 'Hold! hold! dearest Iwan! one word—only one word—and then I will die with you!' 'Well,' replied Iwan, 'I cannot refuse to hear you.' 'Iwan,' said she, 'by the hallowed memory of my father, and of the mother who reared us both, commit not, I beseech you, this horrible deed.—Your sister, your betrothed wife, implores forgiveness,—be merciful to the repentant offender!'—'Vanda, you thought not of our father and mother when, prompted by a futile suspicion, you would have condemned me to a life of ignominy, had I been base enough to submit to bear the burthen of it.' 'Iwan, Iwan, hear me! and all may yet be well. Heaven can bear witness how willingly I would shed every drop of blood that flows in these veins to wash away my fault. But the sacred bond of marriage makes the wife share alike the glory and the disgrace of her husband. Lead me, then, to the altar, and there seal my pardon, by accepting my hand; and let love and religion obliterate all recollection of the injury my fatal rashness has inflicted.' 'How! would you have me confer a dishonoured name on the daughter of my benefactor?—Never, never!' 'But, Iwan, another resource yet remains; seize it, I implore you, or, I say again, to the altar or the grave I am resolved to follow you. A Polish army is, you know, assembling in the Grand Duchy, under the command of our brave Prince Poniatowski. Fly, and take part in the conflict, under the banners of a great man, who seems destined to decide the fate of Poland. Set out this very night. There is my promise of marriage, which makes you free, and my equal. Take all the money I possess, and if that be not enough, take also my jewels, which are worth ten thousand ducats. Purchase for yourself a command in the regiment which

Vladimir Potocki is raising. Prove yourself worthy of your country, and share the honours which will encircle the brows of our Polish heroes. Henceforth bear the name and title of my father, which I give you, with all that I possess; and may these feeble compensations obliterate the recollection of my fault. But you turn from me, Iwan,—you hesitate. Here, then, is my bosom; kill me; and, in the next world, where our parents are now awaiting us!—' And where they will judge you, Vanda. Ah! what an awful account have you to make!' 'Alas, I am indeed guilty. But there is no fault which may not be expiated by repentance.' This was too much for the susceptible heart of Iwan. 'Oh! beloved Vanda,' he exclaimed, 'command me as you will; I am ready to obey. I consent to live, since glory may efface the stigma that attaches to me. I will instantly depart, and without scruple I accept all you offer, for it is a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism.' 'Rather call it an expiation at the shrine of love,' replied Vanda.

"Overjoyed at this reconciliation, Vanda immediately began to prepare for Iwan's departure. The servants, who had been fruitlessly engaged in searching for him, were filled with astonishment at his unhopd for reappearance. 'He is your master,' said Vanda, addressing them, 'and you are to obey no other. Let his will be your law. This is the last duty I have to impose on you.' She ordered a travelling carriage and six to be instantly got ready, to proceed to Warsaw, whither it was to be followed next day by six additional horses. Peter, a servant who had attended Iwan from his boyhood, hastily packed up his master's luggage. Vanda herself deposited the money and jewels in the carriage; and on the spot on which she had so lately yielded to the transports of her fatal jealousy, she now took leave of Iwan with tears and embraces.

"On his arrival in the Grand Duchy, Iwan, who was known to all the friends of Count Bro—ky, was re-

ceived with the attentions to which his own good qualities sufficiently entitled him; and he soon became one of the staff-officers of a Prince who knew how to appreciate and to reward merit. Throughout the whole of the campaign, he omitted no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and he gained the esteem and respect of the whole army. He thought of Vanda only to recollect her goodness, and pursued glory only to render himself worthy of her. I need not enter into the details of this campaign, with the results of which you are so well acquainted. Suffice it to say, that Prince Joseph succeeded even beyond his hopes; for, turning the Austrian army, he threw himself upon Galicia, and took possession of Sandomir and Zamoski. Profiting by the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, who rose on all sides to join his forces, he detached General Fischer, the chief officer of his staff, with orders to march upon Limberg, and Iwan was the first who had the honour to affix the White Eagle of Poland on the walls of Leopoldstadt. The bulletins of the Polish army contained the highest encomiums on his courage, and thus conveyed the most acceptable consolations to the heart of Vanda.

"This success was, however, speedily followed by a reverse of fortune; for, a few days after, while he was engaged in pushing a reconnaissance beyond Leopoldstadt, he was surprised by a party of Austrian Hussars. After an obstinate engagement, he succeeded in putting them to flight, but not until a musket-ball had entered his chest, and he fell, seriously wounded, from his horse. He was immediately raised by his brave lancers, assisted by his faithful servant Peter. The blood, which flowed profusely from his wound, rendered it unsafe to attempt conveying him back to the camp. He was, therefore, carried to a neighbouring village, in which there was an hospital founded by Princess Lubomirska, where some sisters of *La Charité*, conforming to the institution

of St. Vincent de Paule, devote themselves to the aid of the poor and the infirm. Here every assistance was rendered him, both by the physician of the convent and by those pious sisters, who, like ministering angels, soothe earthly suffering by the hope of celestial bliss. But, alas! Iwan's wound was mortal, and, on the second day after he was brought to the convent, the doctor pronounced his recovery to be impossible. On hearing this fatal declaration, one of the nuns, who had attended the patient with the most unremitting anxiety, uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself on his bed in an agony of grief. The dying man raised his languid eyelids, and, to his amazement, recognised Elizabeth, the companion of his boyhood. 'Can it be?' he exclaimed. 'Is it really you, my dear Elizabeth, or has an angel, assuming your semblance, come to receive my last sigh. Alas,' continued he, taking her hand, 'was it for this that you abandoned wealth and luxury; and did you enrich me to make yourself the servant of the poor and the afflicted?'—'Heaven willed it so, my dear Iwan,' she replied; 'and if I resisted all your affectionate entreaties to turn me from my resolution of retiring from the world, it was because I felt myself called hither by Heaven, and that nothing could have power to change my destiny. Before I had formed my determination, I had suffered all that can most severely try the heart of a woman. There was no sacrifice to which I could not have submitted. In renouncing you, my most difficult task was accomplished. But, alas! little did I think that I should live to close the eyes of him, for whose dear sake mine have shed so many tears.'—'How, Elizabeth! tears for my sake'

"Dearest Iwan, listen to me. This fatal secret I now disclose, at the moment when you must carry it with you to the tomb. I loved you, Iwan, with the most devoted affection; but, alas! after doing all that could be done, to avoid disturbing

Vanda's happiness and yours, I find that the death of him I love is the sad result of the great sacrifice I have made.'—'He is dying, he is dying!' said Peter, raising his master's head. 'Oh, Madam, for Heaven's sake, withdraw! this emotion is too much for him.'—'Must I die so young and so beloved,' said Iwan, in a faint voice.—'Elizabeth, Vanda, farewell! Ah! may I find in heaven angels such as you?' These were his last words. At that dreadful moment, the influence of religion alone prevented Elizabeth from following Iwan to the tomb.

"The news of his death, and of his triumphs, reached Vanda almost at the same time. You may easily conceive what must then have been the state of her mind. Her grief was calm, but deep; her sorrow did not spend itself in tears. The bitterness of anguish, which filled her heart, turned to fixed and inconsolable remorse. All the efforts of her friends, to arouse her from her melancholy and disconsolate state, were vain. When apprehensions for her life were expressed, she replied, 'When we have nothing to love, we have nothing to fear;' and every day seemed likely to be the last of her existence.

"About two years ago, a Prince L——off fell desperately in love with her, and solicited her hand. For a long time, she resisted his suit; but, unable long to see another heart of true sensibility suffering on her account, she at last yielded. Since their marriage, they have travelled

through France and Germany, and have just returned from Italy. It was hoped that change of scene, and the affectionate attentions of her husband, would have alleviated the affliction under which she laboured; but you may judge, from the forlorn state in which she still remains, how deep a wound she has received, and how little prospect there is of its ever being healed. She is a flower cut down by a whirlwind of passion, and which neither time nor care can ever make bloom again." "Alas!" said I to Madame Davidoff, "passion is to man as the sun to plants. When too ardent, it burns up what its milder rays would have vivified."

This melancholy story had made us forget the *fete* and our friends; and the night was far advanced before we recollected them. Fortunately, some fire-works, which had just begun to be let off, attracted all the company towards the Terrace. We soon fell in with Prince Ypsylanti* and Colonel Davidoff, who had been looking for us. Supper was served in the Garden, after the fire-works, which were extremely beautiful; but I was so moved by what I had heard that I was anxious to get home, where I sat down and hastily sketched out the sad story. Though I can guarantee its fidelity, I am well aware, that to make others participate in the emotion I felt, there is wanting the presence of the interesting heroine, and the graceful and feeling diction in which the facts were related by my fair informant.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.†

WE have been long wishing to see these exquisite productions of Mrs. Hemans collected into a vol-

ume, and they now meet us at the very season best fitted for their appearance. There is something in this la-

* In his youth, Ypsylanti was full of hope and ardour. More advanced in life, he was distinguished for energy and patriotism, and for zeal in the noble cause of his country. He merited a more glorious fate; but if Greece triumph, and finally break the barbarous yoke which has so long oppressed her, thy name, Ypsylanti, will live in the memory of thy countrymen, as it will long be engraven in the hearts of thy friends. (For some further account of his life and death, see page 226 of the present volume of the *Athenaeum*.)

† Records of Woman: with other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell. 1828.

dy's poetry which always associates it in our minds with the sweet breathings of summer. It is soft and musical as their gentlest echoes; and not unlike them, because its sweetness and tenderness are sometimes touched with mournfulness. Her images are drawn from all that is fairest and brightest in nature or humanity; and the characters that people her fairy scenes are of the pure and noble-hearted race, alike beautiful in their death and in their love. The spirit that inspires every line, has its impulse from the thoughts of a gentle heart, elevated almost into grandeur by its admiration of a sublime moral purity and greatness; and, read which of her compositions we may, the same delight is manifested in the development of this feeling.

Another striking characteristic of Mrs. Hemans' poetry, is the tone it acquires from the devout love of solitude which uniformly seems to possess its author and inspire her happiest strains. The leafy, deep green shade; the vallies and solitary hills, where the echo and ever-springing fountains have their birth; the isles of the sea, the lone bowery islands of the sea; the river's bank, or the deserted temple:—from haunts like these she has drawn, not merely the illustrations of her verse, but the very spirit of song itself, that seems to have held communion with her in these romantic solitudes. With so many of the characteristics of genuine poetry, there is no doubt the composition of this amiable authoress would have attracted general admiration, had they possessed no higher quality. But it is not either on their mere beauty or pathos they depend, but on their impressive morality. Several other writers may have given occasionally as exquisite delineations of female love, as noble and inspiring pictures of high, self-devoting bravery; but none but the greatest geniuses have ever equalled her, in blending the tenderness of female love with the dignity of all female graces, or the bravery of man with so many of the virtues of patriotism.

In the volume now before us, the highest excellences of Mrs. Hemans' poetry are displayed in their strongest light. The Records of her own sex, of those who have perished in the devotedness of their souls to their faith and love, furnished her, without fiction, with themes in every way suited to her pen. She has selected those the best adapted to show woman in her loveliest character; and never were the charms of the most exquisite verse strengthened by sentiments more beautiful, or fitter for a pure and an exalted soul.

Our first extract shall be the little piece entitled

The American Forest Girl.

Wildly and mournfully the Indian drum
On the deep hush of moonlight forest broke;—
"Sing us a death-song, for thine hour is
come,"—
So the red warriors to their captive spoke.
Still, and amidst those dusky forms alone,
A youth, a fair-hair'd youth of England stood,
Like a king's son; tho' from his cheek had
flown
The mantling crimson of the island-blood,
And his press'd lips look'd marble.—Fiervly
bright,
And high around him, blaz'd the fires of night,
Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro,
As the wind pass'd, and with a fitful glow
Lighting the victim's face:—But who could tell
Of what within his secret heart befell,
Known but to heaven that hour?—Perchance
a thought
Of his far home then so intensely wrought,
That its full image, pictured to his eye
On the dark ground of mortal agony,
Rose clear as day!—and he might see the
band
Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand,
Where the laburnums droop'd; or haply bind-
ing
The jasmine, up the door's low pillars winding;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering with braided hair, around the hearth
Where sat their mother; and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled!—Perchance the
prayer
Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair;
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her "Good-night" might breathe from
boyhood gone!—
He started and look'd up:—thick eypress
boughs
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, dark-
ly red
In the broad stormy fire light;—savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'er-
spread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms: and pale
stars
Look'd thro' the branches as thro' dungeon
bars,

Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his
doom—

Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England!—Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it?—Who might dream
or hear

The secret of the forests?—To the stake
They bound him; and that proud young soldier
strove

His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence! He, the love
Of many hearts!—the fondly rear'd,—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see!—And fatter'd
there

He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand.
He thought upon his God.—Hush! hark! a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,—
A step hath pierced the ring! Who dares in-
trude

On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood?—
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green Savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone
flower,

Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,—
For *hers* had mourn'd a playmate brother
dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervour sway'd,
Ev'n to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it wound
Like close Liannes; then rais'd her glittering
eye

And clear-toned voice that said, "He shall not
die!"

"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrill'd
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were
still'd,

Struck down as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed,—their dark souls bow'd before the
maid,

She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
And, as her cheek flush'd thro' its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night-wind flew,
Something o'er-mastered them from that young
mien—

Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming, to their child-like faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's
breath;

From his pale lips they took the cup of death:

They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress
tree;

"Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou
art free!"

The above poem is not, perhaps,
the best in the collection, but it is
one of the shortest; and we are com-
pelled to economise our space.

The following stanzas are from the
miscellaneous poems at the end of
the volume:

A Parting Song.

When will ye think of me, my friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the last red light, the farewell of day,
From the rock and the river is passing away,
When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burden'd with tender
thought—

Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the rose of the rich midsummer time
Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime;
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours
fled,

From the walks where my footsteps no more
may tread;

Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?

When will ye think of me?—

When the sudden tears o'erflow your eyes
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream;

Then let it be!

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!

Thus ever think of me!

Kindly and gently, but as of one

For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;

As of a bird from a chain unbound,

As of a wanderer whose home is found;—

So let it be.

To the admirers of elegant and
pathetic poetry we cannot offer a
stronger recommendation of the
work before us, than by affirming it
to be every way worthy of its au-
thor and accomplished author.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN PRINTING, BY MR. COWPER.

IT is a remarkable fact, that from
the invention of the art of print-
ing, to the year 1798, a period of
nearly three hundred and fifty years,
no improvement had been introduced
in this important art. In Dr. Dib-

din's interesting account of printing,
in the *Bibliographical Decameron*,
may be seen representations of the
early printing presses, which exactly
resemble the wooden presses in use
at the present day.—The immense

superiority of the press over the pen induced, perhaps, a general belief that nothing more was possible, or, it might be, that the powers of the press were quite equal to the demand for its productions.

A new era has, however, arisen, the prompt and extensive circulation of the public journals and other periodicals, requiring powers which the ordinary press could never reach.

The first important improvement of the common press, was the invention of the late Lord Stanhope. This press is composed entirely of iron; the table, on which the types rest, and the platten (or surface which gives the impression), are made perfectly level: he has thus introduced better materials, and better workmanship, to which, however, he added a beautiful combination of levers, to give motion to the screw, causing the platten to descend with decreasing rapidity, and consequently with increasing force, till it reaches the type, when a very great power is obtained. There have been, perhaps, twenty contrivances for obtaining the same effect; but, as a *press*, Lord Stanhope's invention has not been surpassed. Still it is only a press, and, in point of *expedition*, has little superiority over its wooden rival, producing two hundred and fifty impressions per hour.

Lord Stanhope was also the successful reviver of the art of stereotype founding,—the process of which is as follows:—a brass frame is placed round the form of types; plaster of Paris, mixed with water to the consistence of cream, is then poured on the type, the superfluous plaster being scraped off. When the plaster is hard, the mould is lifted off by means of the brass frame, and from which it is readily detached; it is now baked in an oven, and when well dried and quite hot, it is placed in an iron box, or casting-pot, which has also been heated in the oven; it is now plunged into a large pot of melted type-metal, and kept about ten minutes under the surface, in order that the weight of the metal may

force it into all the finest parts of the letters; the whole is then cooled, the mould broken and washed off, and the back of the plate turned in a lathe. This manufacture has been carried to a considerable extent; Mr. Clowes, the proprietor of one of the largest and best-conducted printing offices in London, has on his premises between seven and eight hundred tons of stereotype plates, belonging to various booksellers; the value may be estimated at 200,000*l*.

In connexion with the Stanhope press, may be briefly noticed a little improvement for the particular purpose of printing music, after a new process, and for which I have obtained a patent.—In this new process the lines are formed of thin slips of copper driven into small blocks of wood, and the notes are formed of copper driven into a separate block. Two note blocks and two corresponding sets of lines are placed on the table of the Stanhope press; to the ordinary tympan of the press is attached another tympan, which revolves in the direction of its plane on a pin in the ordinary tympan. Two sheets of paper are placed under two friskets, hinged to the revolving tympan; an impression being now taken, one sheet will receive the notes, and the other the lines. The revolving tympan is then turned half round, when the sheets will have changed places, another impression is taken, when both sheets will be perfected.—This plan is now in operation at the printing-office of Mr. Clowes, to whom I have assigned the exclusive use of the patent.

It was in the year 1790 that Mr. W. Nicholson took out a patent for certain improvements in printing, and on reading his specification, every one must be struck with the extent of his ideas on this subject; to him belongs, beyond doubt, the honour of the first *suggestion* of printing by means of cylinders.

The first *working* printing machine was the invention of Mr. Koenig, a native of Saxony. He submitted his plans to Mr. T. Bensley, the

celebrated printer, and to Mr. R. Taylor, the scientific editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*. These gentlemen liberally encouraged his exertions; and in 1811 he took out a patent for improvements in the common press, which, however, produced no favourable result; he then turned his attention to the use of a cylinder, in order to obtain the impression, and two machines were erected for printing the *Times* newspaper, the reader of which was told on the 28th of November, 1814, that he held in his hand a newspaper printed by machinery, and by the power of steam.

In these machines the type was made to pass under the cylinder, on which was wrapped the sheet of paper, the paper being firmly held to the cylinder by means of tapes; the ink was placed in a cylindrical box, from which it was forced by means of a powerful screw depressing a tightly-fitted piston; thence it fell between two iron rollers; below these were placed a number of other rollers, two of which had, in addition to their rotatory motion, an end motion, i. e. a motion in the direction of their length; the whole system of rollers terminated in two, which applied the ink to the types.

In order to obtain a great number of impressions from the same form, a paper cylinder, (i. e. the cylinder on which the paper is wrapped) was placed on each side the inking apparatus, the form passing under both. This machine produced 1100 impressions per hour; subsequent improvements raised them to 1800 per hour.

The next step was the invention of a machine (also by Mr. Koenig) for printing both sides of the sheet. It resembled two single machines placed with their cylinders towards each other, at a distance of two or three feet; the sheet was conveyed from one paper cylinder to the other by means of tapes—the track of the sheet exactly resembling the letter S, if laid horizontally, thus, ∞ : in the course of this track the sheet was

turned over. At the first paper cylinder it received the impression from the first form, and at the second paper cylinder it received the impression from the second form; the machine printed 750 sheets on both sides per hour. This machine was erected for Mr. T. Bensley, and was the only one Mr. Koenig made for printing on both sides the sheet. This was in 1815.

About this time Messrs. Donkin and Bacon were also contriving a printing machine; having, in 1813, obtained a patent for a machine in which the types were placed on a revolving prism—the ink was supplied by a roller which rose and fell with the irregularities of the prism, and the sheet was wrapped on another prism, so formed as to meet the irregularities of the type prism. One of these machines was erected for the University of Cambridge, and was a beautiful specimen of ingenuity and workmanship; it was, however, too complicated, and the inking was defective, which prevented its success. Nevertheless, a great point was attained; for in this machine were first introduced inking rollers, covered with a composition of treacle and glue; in Koenig's machine the rollers were covered with leather, which never answered the purpose well.

In 1815 I obtained a patent for curving stereotype plates, for the purpose of fixing them on a cylinder. Several of these machines, capable of printing 1000 sheets per hour on both sides, are at work at the present day, and twelve machines on this principle were made for the Bank of England a short time previous to the issue of gold.

It is curious to observe, that the same object seems to have occupied the attention of Nicholson, Donkin and Bacon, and myself, viz. the revolution of the form of types. Nicholson sought to do this by a new kind of type, shaped like the stones of an arch.—Donkin and Bacon sought to do this by fixing types on

a revolving prism, and at last it was completely effected by curving a stereotype plate.

In these machines two paper cylinders are placed side by side, and against each of them is placed a cylinder for holding the plates; each of these four cylinders is about two feet diameter; on the surface of the plate cylinder are placed four or five inking rollers, about three inches diameter; they are kept in their position by a frame at each end of the plate cylinder, the spindles of the rollers lying in notches in the frame, thus allowing perfect freedom of motion, and requiring no adjustment.

The frame which supports the inking rollers, called the waving-frame, is attached by hinges to the general frame of the machine; and the edge of the plate cylinder is indented, and rubs against the waving-frame, causing it to wave, or vibrate to and fro, and, consequently, to carry the inking rollers with it, thus giving them a motion in the direction of their length, called the end motion. —These rollers distribute the ink upon the three-fourths of the surface of the plate cylinder, the other quarter being occupied by the curved stereotype plates. The ink is held in a trough; it stands parallel to the plate cylinder, and is formed by a metal roller, revolving against the edge of a plate; in its revolution, it becomes covered with a thin film of ink; this is conveyed to the plate cylinder, by an inking roller vibrating between both. On the plate cylinder, the ink becomes distributed, as before described, and as the plates pass under the inking rollers, they become charged with colour; as the cylinder continues to revolve, the plates come in contact with a sheet of paper in the first paper cylinder, whence it is carried, by means of tapes, to the second paper cylinder, where it receives an impression on its opposite side, from the plates on the second plate cylinder, and thus the sheet is perfected.

These machines are only applicable to stereotype plates, but they

formed the foundation of the future success of our printing-machinery, by showing the best method of furnishing, distributing, and applying the ink.

In order to apply this method to a machine capable of printing from type, it was only necessary to do the same thing in an extended flat surface, or table, which had been done on an extended cylindrical surface; accordingly, I constructed a machine for printing both sides of the sheet from type, securing, by patent, the inking apparatus, and the mode of conveying the sheet from one paper cylinder to the other by means of drums and tapes.

My friend, Mr. A. Applegath, was a joint-proprietor with me in these patents, and he also obtained patents for several improvements. I had given the end motion to the distributing rollers, by moving the frame to and fro in which they were placed. Mr. Applegath suggested the placing these rollers in a diagonal position across the table, thereby producing their end motion in a simpler manner. Another contrivance of Mr. Applegath's was, to place half my inking apparatus on one side the printing cylinder, and half on the other side, in order that one-half the form might be inked on one side, and one-half on the other, and so have a less distance to travel.

Another contrivance of Mr. A. was, a method of applying two feeders to the same printing-cylinder. These latter inventions are more adapted to newspaper than to book printing.

We have constructed upwards of sixty machines upon our combined patents, modified in twenty-five different ways, for the various purposes of printing books, bank-notes, newspapers, &c. They have, in fact, superseded Mr. Koenig's machines, in the office of Mr. Bensley (who was the principal proprietor of Koenig's patent) and also in the office of the "Times."

It may not be uninteresting to state, that no less than forty wheels were

removed from Mr. Koenig's machine, when Mr. Bensley requested us to apply our improvements.

Having, on the first trial of our machines, discovered the superiority of the inking-roller and table over the common balls, we immediately applied them to the common press, and with complete success; the invention, however, was immediately infringed throughout the kingdom, and copied in France, Germany, and America; and it would have been as fruitless to have attempted to stop the infringement of the patent, as it was found in the case of the Kaleidoscope.

This invention has raised the quality of printing generally. In almost any old book will be perceived groups of words very dark, and other groups very light; these are technically called "monks and friars," which have been "reformed altogether."

The principal object in a newspaper machine, is to obtain a great number of impressions from the *same* form, or one side of the sheet, and not from *two* forms, or both sides of the sheet, as in books.

In the Times machine, which was planned by Mr. Applegath, upon our joint inventions, the form passes under four printing cylinders, which are fed with sheets of paper by four lads, and after the sheets are printed, they pass into the hands of four other lads; by this contrivance

4000 sheets per hour are printed on one side.

Machines upon our joint patents are also used for printing the

Morning Chronicle,	Bell's Messenger,
St. James's Chronicle,	John Bull,
Morning Herald,	Standard,
Whitehall Evening Post,	Atlas,
Examiner,	Sphinx,
Sunday Times,	&c. &c.

The comparative produce of the above machine is as follows:—

Stanhope Press, 250 impressions per hour.
Koenig's Machine, 1800, i. e. 900 on both sides.
Cowper's (stereotype), 2400, i. e. 1200 ditto.
Applegath and Cowper's (book), 2000, i. e. 1000 ditto.
Ditto (newspaper) Chronicle, 2000.
Herald, 2400.
Times, 4000—66 per min.

A variety of machines have been invented by other persons, which have not been attended with sufficient success to make me acquainted with their merits, with the exception of Mr. Napier, who has erected several machines for newspapers.

Although the success of the inventions in which I have been engaged has rendered frequent reference to them unavoidable, I trust I have distinctly assigned to Mr. Koenig the honour of making the first working machine, and to Mr. W. Nicholson the honour of suggesting its principles, and that I have thus fairly stated the origin, the progress, and the success, of the recent improvements in the art of printing.

ELEUTHEROCHORI.*

Eleutherochori! Eleutherochori!

Are ye the seed of the Mighty in story?

Are ye the sons of the Few who defied

Myriads, the Free; the three hundred who died

For Greece, and like conquerors fell side by side?

Are ye the seed of the men, in whose grave

There sleeps not a traitor, there sleeps not a slave?

From whose blood rose up armies? whose name had the power

To shake kings on their thrones, and should shake them this hour?—

And seed of the Mighty, the Free, and the Brave,

Can you speak of your sires, can you gaze on their grave,

And sleep like a woman, and crouch like a slave,

Eleutherochori?

* Eleutherochori (the Town of Freedom), so called in reference to the glorious defence of Thermopylae, is situated at a little distance from the scene of this memorable achievement, on the south side of Mount Eta. The exploits of the brave inhabitants of these defiles on a late occasion might almost justify, or at least excuse, the very pardonable vanity of a local tradition, which traces their descent from some stragglers of the Grecian army.

No ! we're the seed of the Mighty in story—
 No ! we're the sons of the Few who defied
 Myriads, the Free ; the three hundred who died
 For Greece, and like conquerors fell side by side !
 And we speak of our sires, and we gaze on their grave,
 And we sleep not like woman, nor crouch we like slave,—
 But wait, as they waited Greece gives, as she gave,
 Bold heart and sharp sword to her sons—and the hour
 Shall come as it came, when we too shall pour
 On the Persian, and tyrants shall shake at our fame ;
 Though the flame sleeps in ashes, yet still it is flame
 And curse on the coward who doubts of our name :
 Eleutherochori !

SALATHIEL.*

HOW delightful is it to take up a work of real power!—to feel, after you have glanced through a dozen pages, that, however you may complain of the perversion of talents,—however you may be fatigued with an exuberance of decoration,—you will not sicken at a perpetual exhibition of the most humiliating feebleness ! Nine books out of ten that we are compelled to skim over (to read is out of the question) are utterly worthless,—the prosings of inanity,—the miserable displays of the most miserable conceit ;—reminiscences that make one curse the existence of such a faculty as memory,—travels that would induce us to regard steamboats and practicable roads as the most fatal products of civilization,—novels that would almost make us cry out upon the benefits of education, and deplore the days when neither footmen nor chambermaids could write their names, much less be the manufacturers of sentiment in the boudoir, and small wit in the dining room. Onward sweeps the stream of popular literature, carrying into the little havens of thousands of book-clubs and circulating libraries, all the painted and gilded shallops (fragile as the paper boat of the schoolboy) that live for a week in that calm and sunny water, and then are hurried for ever to the black ocean, where the great devourer, oblivion,

Hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

But when a goodly vessel sweeps down that current, gallant, indeed, with streamers, and light and gay as the insect things that float around,—but with her sails set, her yards manned, and her stately prow rushing fearlessly on to the great deeps of time,—then we care not if a myriad paltry barks perish, so that the brave ship live ; and happy are we, if, at some distant day, casting our eye over the broad expanse of waters, we behold the noble vessel still sailing proudly along with that glorious fleet,

Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze.

"Salathiel" is generally understood to be the production of the Rev. G. Croly—a gentleman who, unquestionably, holds a very distinguished rank amongst our imaginative writers, whatever estimate may be formed of his more recent attempt, in the peculiar walk of his profession, to expound some of the higher mysteries of prophecy. As a poet, Mr. Croly has fairly earned his laurels. "Paris in 1815," and "Castiline," attracted no inconsiderable share of attention, at a time when Byron was the sun of the poetical firmament. They abound in vigorous and original thoughts, clothed in powerful and lofty diction. The elaborate magnificence of their language is, perhaps, too sustained ; and the effect of this splendid colouring,

* Salathiel. A story of the past, the present, and the future. 3 vols. Colburn. 1823.

to our minds, scarcely compensates for the absence of repose and simplicity. But still we surrender our feelings to one whom we know to be a master of his art; and we are assured that we listen not to "the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal" of merely gorgeous words, but that the matter of the poet would bear a more quiet drapery, and, under any shape, would present us an ennobling morality, and an acute perception of what constitutes the beautiful and the true.

"Salathiel" partakes, and very largely, of the merits and the defects of Mr. Croly's poems. Considered as a whole, it does not leave any very enchanting interest upon the mind of the reader; it is occasionally wearisome from the perpetual trumpet-tone, even of the narrative portions; the wildness and extravagance of many of the incidents, though often sublime, and always spirited in the delineation, place the hero too far above human sympathies; and images of horror are certainly scattered with indiscriminate profuseness, so as to deaden the force of the final catastrophe, weakening our sensibility by their constant demand upon its exercise. Yet, open the work where we may, we shall find something vivid and original,—magnificent descriptions, elaborated with the greatest skill,—an intimate knowledge of the incidents and manners of antiquity, founded upon a diligent study of classical and scriptural authorities, yet never ostentatiously paraded, but rendered subservient to the dramatic effect,—a pure and manly philosophy, looking down from an intellectual eminence upon the paltry ambition and vain desires of the great mass of mankind.

The mysterious adventures of "the Wandering Jew" appear to present a rich and inexhaustible subject for romantic delineation. But they also require to be treated by no unskilful hand, not only to maintain the verisimilitude of the subject, but to avoid the anachronisms, into which an unlearned writer would be betrayed,

by the attempt to make a living man speak of the infinitely varying events and manners of eighteen hundred years. "Salathiel," the rash and unhappy being who called down upon himself the fearful doom of "Tarry thou till I come," details, in the volumes before us, a very small portion of the incidents of his mysterious existence, comprehending only the period from the Crucifixion to the Destruction of Jerusalem. In this brief space of about forty years the hero of the story can scarcely be said to feel the awful curse which is laid upon him,—for he is not yet different from those who seek that home where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," except in a very undefined and dream-like consciousness that he is fearfully exempted from the common lot of humanity. Salathiel is accordingly not here delineated as the restless and dissatisfied spirit who wanders about the earth, enduring all evils, and bearing all degradations, but clothed in a spell which bids defiance to the last outrage of malice or vengeance, and gradually laying up the proudest contempt for those insignificant beings whose brief race of useless labours and miserable pleasures are hurried forward to oblivion, to be repeated by a succession of men with the same pitiful hopes and wasted energies. The "Wandering Jew" of these volumes is a happy husband—a father full of the most anxious cares for his children—a patriot with the most lofty aspirations for the deliverance of his country—a prince leading his tribes onward to revolt against Roman oppression, and striving with all the energies of an untameable spirit to free the land of the patriarchs from the chains of the conqueror. It is only at intervals that his peculiar destiny is present to his thoughts; and even then it requires to be forced upon his view by some miraculous agency, and not by the living evidence of the world constantly changing around him, while he remains the same. The interest of the nar-

rative is therefore very slightly connected with the isolated feelings, except in anticipation, of a mysterious being doomed to outlive his affections, and to have no sympathies with the frail actors of an ever-shifting scene, which is to him an abiding city. This is a spirit-stirring story of an impetuous, lion-hearted, affectionate, generous hero, struggling against his own destinies and those of his country.

The unhappy offender has a strong sense of the misery of his destiny, and he resolves upon leaving Jerusalem, to escape if possible from the recollection of his nameless crime. He flies to the country of his tribe, with whom he sojourns till the excesses of the Romans hurry the people into insurrection, upon their annual visit to the Holy City at the feast of the Passover. From this moment he is plunged into a perpetual contest with the iron power of the Empire, and often leads his countrymen to splendid but fruitless victories. Throughout the narrative the actual condition of the relation between the conqueror and the conquered is depicted with a masterly hand;—and the great variety of customs is indicated with a complete knowledge of this difficult and complicated subject.

There is a great deal of dramatic power scattered through these volumes—sometimes exhibiting itself in impassioned eloquence, sometimes in biting sarcasm, and occasionally in a playful humour, in which the author appears to us singularly felicitous. Of the latter description are the 6th and 7th chapters of the second volume, in which a wild and adventurous character is depicted with a vigour and sprightliness quite worthy of the mind which produced the *Flibbertigibbet* of Kenilworth. For the loftier exhibition of dramatic force, we should particularly point to the interview of Salathiel with Titus, the scene in the Pirate's cave, and the various attempts of the hero to arouse the Jewish people to a

sense of their degradation and their duties.

Amongst the fancied domestic misfortunes of Salathiel is the flight of his elder daughter with a Christian Greek. He pursues the fugitives to Rome—is hurried into the power of Nero—escapes from the tyrant at the moment of the conflagration of the city—is tempted into the betrayal of an assembly of Christian proselytes—and being placed in the arena to witness their martyrdom, has to endure the dreadful retribution of a parent's agony, so spiritedly described in the following scene:—

“A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led in, surrounded by soldiery. The lion roared, and ramped against the bars of its den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look round the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised an universal sound of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses! Constantinus was before me!

“All my rancour vanished. An hour past I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But, to see him hopelessly doomed; the man whom I had honoured for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was at worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and this misery wrought by me,—I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir.

I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone, pale, paralysed—the beating of my pulses stopt—my eyes alone alive.

“The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar, and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air: when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, couched for an instant as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim’s throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible; and Constantius was flung upon the ground. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared on its hind feet, and, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword swung round the champion’s head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with gore and dust. The hand of Constantius had grasped the lion’s mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way: he still struck terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion’s throat, and sank. The savage yelled, and spouting out blood, fled howling round the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane; and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible; and all shrank from the hazard. At length the grasp gave way; and the body lay motionless upon the ground.

“What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion: he tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane, and bared his fangs. But his approach was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

“The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted; men burst out into indignant clamours at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

“I looked upon the woman’s face. It was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name; I implored her by every feeling of nature to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

“She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her gaze upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands round me. A fire flashed into her eye—her cheek burned. She waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

“‘I am come to die,’ she uttered, in a lofty tone. ‘This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms.—Yet,’ and she kissed the ashy lips before her, ‘yet, my Constantius, it was to save

that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned our quiet home!—yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she, in a tone of wild power, 'he was betrayed; and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared——'

"I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped on the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered forward a few paces, and fell. The lion gave a roar, and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him.—I felt his fiery breath—I saw his lurid eye glaring—I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.——"

"An exulting shout arose.—I saw him reel as if struck;—gore filled his jaws.—Another mighty blow was driven to his heart.—He sprang high in the air with a howl.—He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamation.

"With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion was broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of the popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened; and my children sustaining my feeble steps, and showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena."

Salathiel finally escapes with his brave son-in-law from the persecu-

tions of the tyrant; and, in concert with Constantius, undertakes a perilous expedition against the Roman power. The capture of Massada, which occupies a considerable space of the second volume, is described with extraordinary graphic ability. We cannot follow the hero through the perilous adventures which succeed this, his great triumph. After two years of captivity he returns to his country, to behold the army of Titus gathered round Jerusalem, for the consummation of that destruction which is without a parallel in the history of the world.

The whole of the third volume is occupied with the description of that fearful siege, which has furnished such an exhaustless theme to the poet and the divine. Many of the pictures are awfully grand; and we would instance the following description of the return of the Jewish multitude to their walls, after having rushed out upon the Roman camp to revenge the execution of countless victims that were amongst the sacrifices of that fearful retribution with which Titus punished the violation of their word on the part of the besieged.

"Day-break was now at hand, and the sounds of the enemy's movements made our return necessary. We heaped the last Roman corpse on the pile; covered it with the broken spears, helmets, and cuirasses of the dead, and then left the care of the conflagration to the wind. From the valley to Jerusalem, our way was crowded with the enemy's posts; but the keen eye and agile vigour of the Jew eluded or anticipated the heavy-armed legionaries, by long experience taught to dread the night in Judea; and we reached the Grand Gate of Sion, as the sun was shooting his first rays on the pinnacles of the temple.

"In those strange and agitated days, when every hour produced some extraordinary scene, I remember few more extraordinary than that morning's march into the city. It was a triumph! but how unlike all

that bore the name! it was no idle, popular pageant; no fantastic and studied exhibition of trophies and treasures; no gaudy homage to personal ambition; no holiday show to amuse the idleness, or feed the vanity of a capital secure in peace, and pampered with the habits of opulence and national supremacy. But it was at once a rejoicing, a funeral, a great act of atonement, a popular preservation, whose results none could limit, and a proud revenge on the proudest of enemies.

"That night not an eye closed in Jerusalem. The Romans, quick to turn every change to advantage, had suffered the advance of our irregular combatants only until they could throw a force between them and the gates. The assault was made, and with partial success; but the population once roused, was terrible to an enemy fighting against walls and ramparts, and the assailants were, after long slaughter on both sides, drawn off at the sight of our columns moving from the hills. We marched in, upwards of fifty thousand men, as wild and strange-looking a host as ever trod to acclamations from voices unnumbered. Every casement, roof, battlement, and wall, in the long range of magnificent streets leading round by the foot of Sion to mount Moriah, was covered with spectators. Man, woman, and child, of every rank, were there, straining their eyes and voices, and waving hands, weapons, and banners for their deliverers from the terror of instant massacre. Our motley ranks had equipped themselves with the Roman spoils, where they could; and, among the ragged vestures, discoloured turbans, and rude pikes, moved masses of glittering mail, helmets, and gilded lances. Beside the torn flags of the tribes were tossing embroidered standards with the initials of the Cæsars or the golden image of some deity, mutilated by our scorn for the idolater. The Jewish trumpets had scarcely sent up their cho-

rus, when it was followed by the clanging of the Roman cymbal, the long and brilliant tone of the clarion, or the deep roar of the brass conch and serpent. Close upon ranks exulting and shouting victory, came ranks bearing the honoured dead on litters, and bursting into bitter sorrow; then rolled onwards thousands, bounding and showing the weapons and relics that they had torn from the enemy; then passed groups of the priesthood,—for they too had taken the common share in the defence,—singing one of the glorious hymns of the Temple: then again followed litters surrounded by the wives and children of the dead, wrapt in inconsolable grief. Bands of warriors, who had none to care for, the habitual sons of the field; armed women; chained captives; beggars; men covered with the stately dresses of our higher ranks; biers heaped with corpses; wagons piled with armour, tents, provisions, the wounded, the dead; every diversity of human circumstance, person and equipment that belong to a state in which the elements of society are let loose, in that march successively moved before the eye. With the men were mingled the captured horses of the legionaries; the camels and dromedaries of the allies; herds of the bull and buffalo, droves of goats and sheep: the whole one mighty mass of misery, rejoicing, nakedness, splendour, pride, humiliation, furious and savage life, and honoured and lamented death; the noblest patriotism, and the most hideous abandonment to the excesses of our nature."

The great onset upon the fastnesses of Jerusalem at length takes place. Salathiel is found defending the most sacred part of the Temple, when the last enemy, fire, roared round the sanctuary. He sank, in the hope that death was inevitable—but again he heard the words of terror, "Tarry thou till I come"—and the destroying angel passed him by.

COMPARATIVE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

HOW wonderful are the laws that regulate the motions of fluids !

Is there anything in all the idle books of tales and horrors more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, by mere pressure, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force ? What can be more strange, than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds, by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron ? Observe the extraordinary truths which Optical Science discloses. Can anything surprise us more, than to find that the colour of white is a mixture of all others—that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no colour at all, than all colours together ? Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal ; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance ; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air, and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe ; that salts should be of a metallic nature, and composed, in great part, of metals, fluid like quicksilver, but lighter than water, and which, without any heating, take fire upon being exposed to the air, and, by burning, form the substance so abounding in saltpetre and in the ashes of burnt wood : these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind—nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect. And yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which Astronomy opens to our view : the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies ; their immense distances ; their countless numbers, and their motions, whose

swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds ;—plants breathe like ourselves, but differently by day and by night ;—the air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount, and causes the globules of the dust of plants to rise, float through the air, and continue their race ;—in a word, is the immediate cause of vegetation. Nothing can at first view appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing,—the rust of metals and burning,—an acid and rust,—the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, nay, and of a body burning in that air ; and yet all these are the same operation. It is an undeniable fact, that the very same thing which makes the fire burn, makes metals rust, forms acids, and causes plants and animals to breathe ; that these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same,—the rusting of metals,—the formation of acids,—the burning of inflammable bodies,—the breathing of animals,—and the growth of plants by night. To know this is a positive gratification. Is it not pleasing to find the same substance in various situations extremely unlike each other ;—to meet with fixed air as the produce of burning,—of breathing,—and of vegetation ;—to find that it is the choak-damp of mines,—the bad air in the grotto of Naples,—the cause of death in neglected brewers' vats—and of the brisk and acid flavour of Seltzer and other mineral springs ? Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine, and the crawling of a fly

upon the window. We find that these two operations are performed by the same means, the weight of the atmosphere, and that a sea-horse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can anything be more strange to contemplate? Is there in all the

fairy tales that ever were fancied, anything more calculated to arrest the attention and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders?

LOW COMPANY.

WHAT is low company? All people not in the highest and most select society in a metropolitan city, at the time flourishing in fashionable and philosophic pride? And this in a Christian land—a land not only overflowing with milk and honey, but with the principles of the Reformed Faith, and with much human and divine knowledge! Show us any series of works of genius, in prose or verse, in which man's being is so illustrated as to lay it bare and open for the benefit of man, and the chief pictures they contain, drawn from "select society?" There are none such; and for this reason, that in such society there is neither power to paint them, nor materials to be painted, nor colours to lay on, till the canvass speaks a language which all the world, as it runs, may read. What would Scott have been, had he not loved and known the people? What would his works have been, had they not shown the many-coloured change of life of the people? What would Shakspeare have been, had he not turned majestically from kings and "lords and mighty earls," to their subjects and vassals and lowly bondsmen, and "counted the beatings of lonely hearts," in the

obscure but impassioned life that stirs every nook of this earth, where human beings abide? What would Wordsworth have been, had he disdained, with his high intellect and imagination, "to stoop his anointed head" beneath the wooden lintel of the poor man's door? His lyrical ballads, "with all the innocent brightness of the new-born day," had never charmed the meditative heart—His "Churchyard among the Mountains" had never taught men how to live and how to die. These are men who have descended from aerial heights into the humblest dwellings; who have shewn the angel's wing equally when poised near the earth, or floating over its cottaged vales, as when seen sailing on high through the clouds and azure depth of heaven, or hanging over the towers and temples of great cities. They would not have shunned a parley with the blind beggar by the way-side; they knew how to transmute, by divinest alchemy, the base metal into the fine gold. Whatever company of human beings they have ever mingled with, they lent it colours, and did not receive its shade; and hence, their mastery over the "wide soul of the world," and their name, magicians.

HOW TO LOSE TIME.

FEW men need complain of the want of time, if they are not conscious of a want of power, or of desire to ennoble and enjoy it. Perhaps you are a man of genius yourself, gentle reader, and though not absolutely, like Sir Walter, a witch,

warlock, or wizard, still a poet—a maker—a creator. Think, then, how many hours on hours you have lost, lying asleep so profoundly,

"That the cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more could rouse you from your lazy bed."

How many more have you, not absolutely lost, but to a certain extent abused, at breakfast—sip, sipping away at unnecessary cups of sirupy tea, or gob, gobbling away at jam-buttered rolls, for which nature never called—or “to party giving up what was meant for mankind”—forgetting the loss of Time in the Times, and, after a long, blank, brown, and blue study, leaving behind you a most miserable chronicle indeed! Then think—O think—on all your aimless forenoon saunterings—round and round about the premises—up and down the avenue—then into the garden on tiptoe—in and out among the neat squares of onion-beds—now humming a tune by the brink of abysses of mould, like trenches dug for the slain in the field of battle, where the tender celery is laid—now down to the river-side to try a little angling, though you well know there is nothing to be had but Pars—now into a field of turnips, without your double-barreled Joe Manton, to see Ponto point a place where once a partridge had pruned himself—now home again, at the waving of John’s red sleeve, to receive a coach-full of

country cousins, come in the capacity of forenoon callers—endless talkers all—sharp and blunt noses alike—and grinning voraciously in hopes of a lunch—now away to dress for dinner, which will not be for two long, long hours to come—now dozing, or dazed on the drawing-room sofa, wondering if the bell is ever to be rung—now grimly gazing on a bit of bloody beef which your impatience has forced the blaspheming cook to draw from the spit ere the outer folds of fat were well melted at the fire—now, after a disappointed dinner, discovering that the old port is corked, and the filberts all pluffing with bitter snuff, except such as enclose a worm—now an unwholesome sleep of interrupted snores, your bobbing head ever and anon smiting your breast-bone—now burnt-beans palmed off on the family for Turkish coffee—now a game of cards, with a dead partner, and the ace of spades missing—now no supper—you have no appetite for supper—and now into bed tumbles the son of Genius, complaining to the moon of the shortness of human life, and the fleetness of time!

VARIETIES.

“THE COTTAR’S SATURDAY NIGHT.”

“THE Cottar’s Saturday Night,”

says Mr. Lockhart, “is, perhaps, of all Burns’s pieces, the one whose exclusion from the collection, were such things possible now-a-days, would be the most injurious, if not to the genius, at least to the character of the man. In spite of many feeble lines, and some heavy stanzas, it appears to me, that even his genius would suffer more in estimation, by being contemplated in the absence of this poem, than of any other single performance he has left us. Loftier flights he certainly has made, but in these he remained but a short while on the wing, and effort is too often perceptible; here the motion is easy, gentle, placidly undulating.

There is more of the conscious security of power, than in any other of his serious pieces of considerable length; the whole has the appearance of coming in a full stream from the fountain of the heart—a stream that soothes the ear, and has no glare on the surface.

“It is delightful to turn from any of the pieces which present so great a genius as writhing under an inevitable burden, to this, where his buoyant energy seems not even to feel the pressure. The miseries of toil and penury, who shall affect to treat as unreal? Yet they shrunk to small dimensions in the presence of a spirit thus exalted at once, and softened, by the pieties of virgin love, filial reverence, and domestic devotion.

"That he who thus enthusiastically apprehended, and thus exquisitely painted, the artless beauty and solemnity of the feelings and thoughts that ennoble the life of the Scottish peasant, could witness observances in which the very highest of these redeeming influences are most powerfully and gracefully displayed, and yet describe them in a vein of unmixed merriment—that the same man should have produced the *Cottar's Saturday Night* and the *Holy Fair* about the same time—will ever continue to move wonder and regret.

"It can hardly be doubted that the author of the *Cottar's Saturday Night* had felt, in his time, all that any man can feel in the contemplation of the most sublime of the religious observances of his country; and as little, that had he taken up the subject of this rural sacrament in a solemn mood, he might have produced a piece as gravely beautiful as his *Holy Fair* is quaint, graphic, and picturesque. It is surely just that we should pay most attention to what he has delivered under the gravest sanction. In noble natures, we may be sure, the source of tears lies nearer the heart than that of smiles."

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Captain Basil Hall in his excursion through the United States last autumn, paid a visit to the celebrated Falls of Niagara, with the view of determining a question, which had been mooted by several scientific men—whether the pressure or elasticity of the air is not increased in the immediate vicinity of a sheet of falling water? In describing the experiment to Professor Silliman, Captain Hall says:—As a first step, I placed the barometer at the distance of about one hundred and fifty feet from the extreme western end of the fall, on a flat rock, as nearly as possible on a level with the top of the *talas* or back of shingle lying at the base of the overhanging cliff, from which the cataract descends. This station was about thirty perpendicular feet above the pool or basin into which the water

falls. The mercury here stood at 29.68 inches. I then moved the instrument to another rock within ten or twelve feet of the edge of the fall, where it was placed by means of a levelling instrument exactly at the same height as in the first instance. It still stood at 29.68; and the only difference I could observe was a slight continuous vibration of about two or three hundredths of an inch, at intervals of a few seconds. Captain Hall ascribes the difficulty of breathing felt by parties visiting this celebrated water-fall to the simple agitation of the air by percussion.

MONKISH SUPERSTITION.

A gentleman, some years ago, being upon a visit to the Escorial, after having spent some hours in viewing the splendid collection of paintings, was shown over the several towers of this stupendous edifice. He remarked to the Monk who had, with great civility and attention, pointed out everything deserving notice, that he was much surprised there were no lightning conductors attached to any part of the building. "We can have no occasion for them," said he, crossing himself very devoutly, "as we have relics of Santa Barbara in every one of the towers." About a fortnight after this conversation, one of the principal towers was completely destroyed by lightning. Upon the gentleman's subsequently revisiting the monastery, he ventured to represent to the Monk, the inefficiency of the relics of which he had so much boasted. "The only way in which we can account for Santa Barbara's having so neglected us," replied the monk, shrugging up his shoulders, "is, that she must have been angry with us for some sins that we had committed."

HAPPINESS.

A captain in the navy meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have

just *flogged seventeen*, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

JUVENILE SANG FROID.

In the year 1821, a young Englishman, (seventeen years of age,) left Madrid in the diligence for Yron. About seven leagues from Madrid, at two in the morning, the diligence was stopped by a band of robbers, who ordered the whole of the passengers to alight forthwith, and then bound them with cords. The banditti immediately lighted a number of torches, and proceeded to ransack the vehicle. The young Englishman having a great passion for drawing, and conceiving it to be a picturesque scene, managed to slip the cords from his hands, took out his sketch book, and began very coolly to commit it to paper. The robbers were so struck with the extraordinary enthusiasm of the young man, that they permitted him to continue his sketch, and left his property untouched, although they took possession of the smallest articles from every other passenger. The Danish Secretary of Legation at Madrid, who was one of the party, was stripped to his shirt: his elegant travelling cap was exchanged for an old Castilian *Montero*. He had a ring on his finger which, though intrinsically of little value, he much prized; and by way of preserving it, told one of the robbers that it had been so many years on his finger, that it was impossible to get it off. "*Tenemos cuchillos*," "we have knives," said the ruffian, coolly. Upon this information the finger instinctively shrunk, and the ring was immediately delivered.

PASSION.

Fletcher, of Saltoun, is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desiring to be dismissed, "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," replied the servant,

"but then it is no sooner off than it is on."

OXFORD ALE.

About half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humorous fellow, of punning memory, established an alehouse near the pound, and wrote over his door, "Ale sold by the pound." As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice Chancellor, who was directed to take away his license, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I came here on purpose to *clear myself*." The Vice Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale and sold it by the pound; "is that true?" "No, an't please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you, then?" said the Chancellor. "Very well I thank you, Sir," replied he, "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal; I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle met the Proctor who laid the information. "Sir," said he, "the chancellor wants to speak to you;" and returned with him. "Here, Sir," said he, when he came into the Chancellor's presence, "You sent me for a *rascal*, and I've brought you the greatest that I know of."

FOREIGN DEBTS.

Hartlib, the friend of Milton, pensioned by Cromwell for his agricultural writings, says, that old men in his days remembered the first gardeners that came over to Surrey, (Eng.) and sold turnips, carrots, parsnips, early peas, and rape, which were then great rarities, being imported from Holland. Cherries and

hops were first planted, he says, in the reign of Henry VIII.; artichokes and currants made their appearance in the time of Elizabeth: but even at the end of this latter period cherries were brought from Flanders; onions, saffron, and liquorice, from Spain; and hops from the Low Countries. Potatoes, which were first known in these islands about the year 1586, continued for nearly a century to be cultivated in gardens as a curious exotic, and furnished a luxury only for tables of the richest persons in the kingdom. It appears in a manuscript account of the household expenses of Queen Anne, wife of James I., that the price of potatoes was then 1s. the pound.

Mr. Uniacke, the barrister, in his letter to Lord Eldon, sums up not less than sixty statutes passed as lately as the session of 1824, expressly, as their titles import, for the purpose of amending and continuing, and repealing, and removing doubts, and explaining, and rendering effectual, and altering, and suspending, and facilitating the execution of other acts previously passed.

There are few labourers of either sex who live to old age unmarried; scarcely any, it has been said, of tolerable character; and this remark may be confirmed by any person's observation.

Nothing wearies me more than to see a young lady at home, sitting with her arms across, or twirling her thumbs for want of something to do. Poor thing! I always pity her, for I am sure her head is empty, and that she has not the sense even to devise the means of pleasing herself.

He who expects to find the husbandman flourishing while the manufacturers are out of employ; or the tradesman, on the other hand, in prosperity, while the farmer is in distress, "let him," as Fuller says, "try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

SALUTATIONS.

The use of "Your humble servant" came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from *votre tres humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you," "God be with you;" and among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder.

THE TURKISH NAVY.

The Capitan Pasha, Gazi Hassan, was a man of extraordinary boldness: he applied himself with unremitting zeal to the formation of an effective navy; and under his protection, a nautical academy was opened in 1773, in which instructions were given by an Algerine, not deficient in practical abilities. Before this time the Turks knew nothing of navigation, and were almost ignorant of the use of the compass, as was remarked by Boscovich. The best models of naval architecture were procured from Deptford and Toulon. European artists were engaged; docks were constructed by a Swede, named Rodé; the great natural resources of the empire—the forests of Taurus, and the mines of Trebisond—were put in requisition, and Brun, Benoit, and Spurring, launched in the port of Constantinople some of the finest vessels of which any nation could boast.

It affords us pleasure to announce a new volume of Poems by L. E. L. The two principal pieces are the Venetian Bracelet and the Lost Pleiad; the former being, we understand, more of a connected narrative or story than this delightful songstress has hitherto attempted. The Golden Violet, notwithstanding the large impression printed, is rapidly following the Troubadour and Improvisatrice into new editions; a proof of the correctness of our opinion, that the poetry of L. E. L. is of that fine order which not only commands present admiration, but everlasting fame.

NO

T
coul
wha
only
has
dom
Eng
Fran
with
his t
the
have
porte
But
that
here
what
the l
the
most
the l
rous
yet t
of th
obno
the r
time-
tician
of tal
distr
has
kind
conti
some
With
opini
on wi
tain
41